REAL WEST

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CHARLTON PUBLICATION

True Tales of the American Frontier

APRIL 1975 CDC 00174

The Day PAT GARRETT Was Killed

BILLY HAMILTON- Neo Mountainman

The Death of CRAZY HORSE

JESSE JAMES Reincarnated??

CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL, Painter of the West

...and more!!

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HAILED BY MANY AS...

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS for the Relief of Signs of Illness!

Yes, Dear Friend:
Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority . . .

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild . . . the aged . . . the paralyzed . . . the sick . . . come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds . . .

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica,* another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS . . . NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

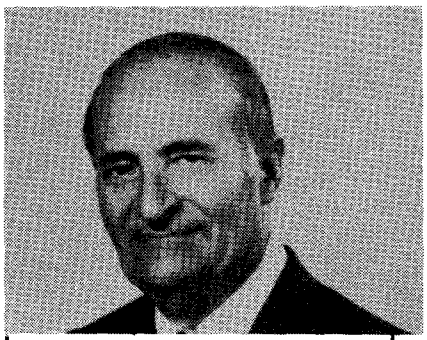
A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

AND YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

All you need to know is right here in this book. Read about these amazing natural medicines. Each one is a fruit, nut, vegetable or seed that can help in a different way. So get started NOW and look forward to a long, rewarding life, full of healthful living!

You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FRUITS, VEGETABLES, NUTS AND SEEDS FOR HEALTHFUL LIVING by JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D.! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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Lizzie Borden at the time of her trial.

LIZZIE BORDEN TOOK AN AXE AND GAVE HER MOTHER 40 WHACKS, WHEN SHE SAW WHAT SHE HAD DONE SHE GAVE HER FATHER 41.

One of the most famous cases in the annals of crime was that of Lizzie Borden. She was accused of murdering her mother and father. Although the courts never found her guilty, public opinion did.

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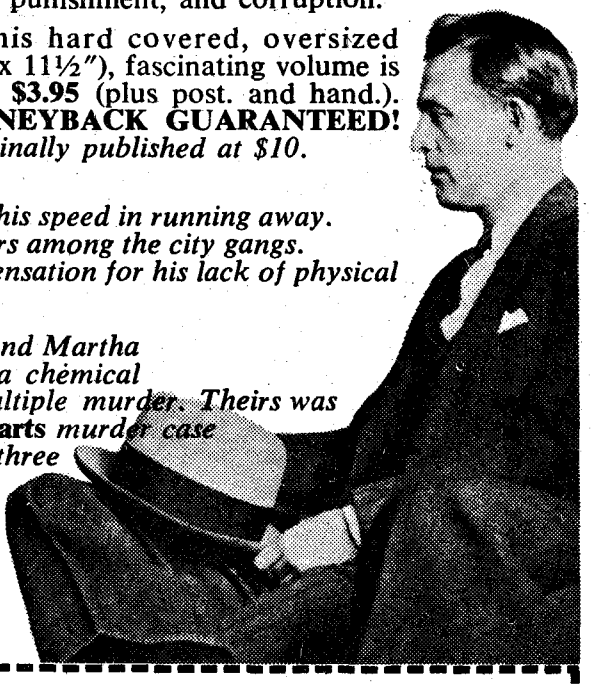
In about 750 pictures and 80,000 words of text are the authenticated cases of **Jesse James, Jack the Ripper, Bonnie & Clyde, Sacco & Vanzetti, Al Capone, Dutch Schultz, Dillinger, Ma Barker, "Baby Face" Nelson, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "The Scottsboro Boys," Leopold and Loeb, The Lonely Hearts Murders, Caryl Chessman, Christine Keeler, The Assassination of JFK, the Great Train Robbery, plus hundreds more!** It even includes special chapters on police methods, detection, punishment, and corruption.

This hard covered, oversized 8½ x 11½"), fascinating volume is **only $3.95** (plus post. and hand.). **MONEYBACK GUARANTEED!** *Originally published at $10.*



"Legs" Diamond—*so called because of his speed in running away. He was one of the few pathological killers among the city gangs. He killed for pleasure, and found compensation for his lack of physical courage in the possession of a shotgun.*

The strange effect that Raymond Fernandez and Martha Beck had on each other was disastrous—a chemical reaction that led to multiple murder. Theirs was the famous **Lonely Hearts** *murder case in which the lives of three widows and one child were taken.*

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REAL WEST

PUBLISHER/John Santangelo, Jr.
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The Brand of Quality

Volume XVIII
Number 137
April, 1975

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REAL WEST published monthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Vol. XVIII, No. 137, Apr. 1975. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1975 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Executive offices and office of publication, Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $5.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016. (212-686-9050).

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,

standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

ENJOYS REAL WEST FEATURES

Dear Editor:

Like other British readers I, too, have great difficulty getting REAL WEST, and as Mr. Longworth of Lancashire writes, they are often many months out of date.

My only source is George Tyson whose newsstand in Ledenhall Market is one of the lesser sights of London. Just recently, George has had a supply of REAL WEST from the summer of 1973 through early 1974, so that I am reading many issues at one sitting.

Your series on western film stars has brought to life many of the names that I have only heard of from people who were children in the thirties. Ken Maynard seems to have been especially popular with Cockney kids. The only one that I saw was Max Terhune, whose Range Busters series is about the earliest thing that I remember on television, about 1951. I would retell the stories at school next morning being one of the few kids whose family had television.

The story of the steam engine explosion in one of last summer's numbers was of great interest, as very little information about what we call "traction engines" is available here. Please print some more stories like that. A transport enthusiasts' magazine has recently reported that many American owners of traction engines are replacing the funnel shaped chimneys with straight chimneys to make them resemble British engines. I cannot believe that it is true, or if it is, it is because they are being restored to their original condition. Why, I wonder, did they have those chimneys? Were they wood burners?

The November 1973 number had Major Ackerman's article on firearms in the very early days of European exploration of America. I learned a lot from it and had never thought of the crossbow being used in America. Major Ackerman obviously knows what he is talking about, but I would question how correct he was in calling the Indian's bow a "longbow". From films it seems that the Indian bow was quite small and was pulled to the chest, even from horseback. I was taught that the longbow was the weapon of the English archer, which was pulled back to the ear, stood up to six feet in height, and could send a shaft through plate armor at a great distance. This is not what Major Ackerman meant in his article. Maybe he could elaborate on weapons of the American Indian.

Thanks for producing such an interesting magazine.

Yours Sincerely,
W.J. Bevis
53 Fairwater Ave.
Welling, Kent, England

REMEMBERS ROY, MONTANA

Dear Sirs:

My brother likes to read your magazine and he got the one for September 1974. I am very much interested in the story of 160 Acres against 16 dollars because my dad homesteaded not too far from Roy, Montana. I was born in Lewistown and raised in that territory. I went to school in Roy, Montana and am the same age of the youngest girl of Mr. & Mrs. Lucas. Would like to know if you could give me any information on these people. If Mr. & Mrs. Robert Lucas are still living, they would be in their 80's. According to the story, the two girls would be in their early 60's. What year was this story told by Elizabeth Lucas? Any information you can give me on this, I would greatly appreciate.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Harriet Neruda
33 So. Norton St.
New Buffalo, Mich. 49117

Your letter is being sent on to the writer of the article for a personal reply.

THIS AND THAT FROM WALT THAYER

Dear Editor:

Here are a few items I believe would be apropos your "Mail Roundup" column:

ODE TO A WHISKEY DRINKER

It wasn't whiskey that killed poor Jack;
Or something that took his breath.
But a little fly crawled up his nose,
And tickled the poor man to death.

FOOT TROUBLE

A girl from the tribe of the Sioux;
Was often affected with blues.
The trouble she found
Was down near the ground;
Her feet were too big for her shoes.

TOMBSTONE EULOGY OF 1825

Here lies a poor woman, who always was tired;
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going
Where working ain't done, not sweeping, nor sewing,
But everything there is exact to my wishes;
For where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes.

W. Thayer
Box 2175
Wenatchee, Washington 98801

HAS RIFLE WITH QUANTRILL'S SIGNATURE?

Dear Sir:

I have an 1858 Remington .44 with a signature of what appears to be William Quantrill written in pencil on the inside of the grip, dated Jan. 12, 1862, Lexington, Ky. It would be pretty expensive to have it inspected by a handwriting expert to chance it not being authentic. Would any of the readers know if it was his practice to do such writing, or know of his whereabouts on this date? I did get a copy of one of his letters, including a signature, and it looks the same.

Thank you,
Cliff Brown
Balaxia, Ohio

I can think of no other solution than to consult a handwriting expert, as you would need his certification that the signature was genuine. The fact that it is hidden inside the grip would impress me more than a name scratched on the outside. Perhaps some of our readers can come up with something.

R. O. Ackerman, Gun Editor

(continued on page 62)

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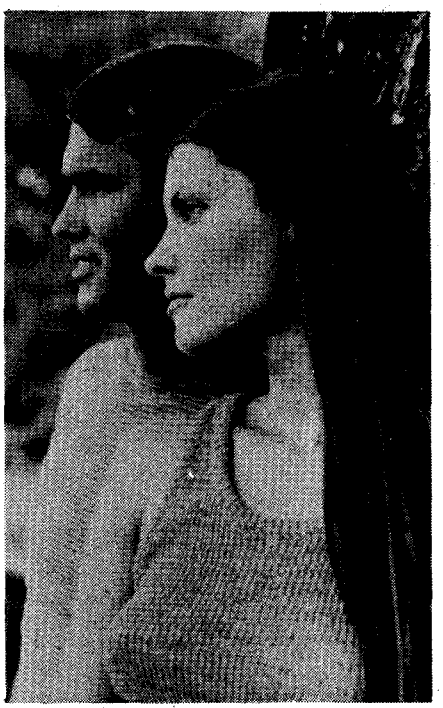
YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...



If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression ...loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ...weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!

And that insight is this:

If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED..."rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation ...*and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock... NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only *intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment*), and—instead—*leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from... how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—*how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion... morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluable problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves"—indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

No Wonder This Great Self-Help Volume Is Already A Best-Seller In Nine Foreign Nations, As Well As The United States! And It Is Yours To Read From Cover To Cover—Entirely At Our Risk!

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50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES, #80035, by Claire Weekes, M.D.! I enclose $5.98 in full payment. In addition, I understand that I may examine this book for a full 30 days entirely at your risk. If at the end of that time, I am not satisfied, I will simply return the book to you for every cent of my money back.

Enclosed is check or M.O. for $_____

YOU MAY CHARGE MY: ☐ BANKAMERICARD

Acc't #_____

Expiration date of my card_____

Name_____
Please print

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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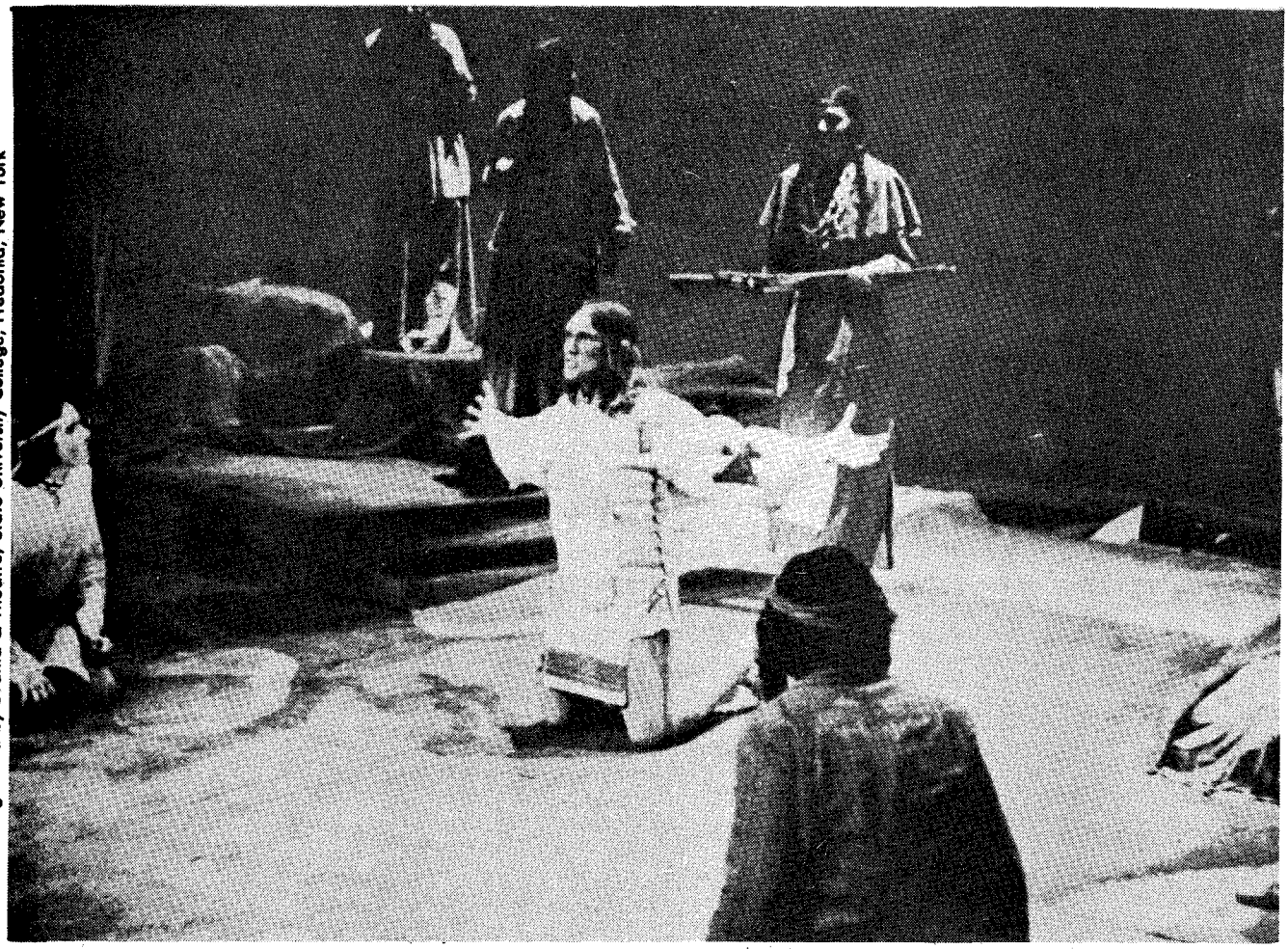

Permission granted by Drama & Theatre, State University College, Fredonia, New York

A scene from the Rutgers University production of THE GHOST DANCE, by Joseph Hart.

By Paul T. Nolan

THE OLD WEST:

It's an unlikely place to find dramas about our Old West and heroes of the Frontier but today's new playwrights seem to find a wealth of dramatic material in subjects such as *The Indian Prophecy*, Pocahontas, or *The Settlers of Virginia*. In a thousand small theaters nationwide such plays are being staged.

The Old West is back on stage, but the old Western stage and movie stars like Buffalo Bill, Tom Mix, and Capt. Jack Crawford might be a little uncomfortable in the theater that is responsible for this revival.

It is all happening in a new theater that has grown up in America during the past fifteen years. For many people interested in native American drama, this new theater is being praised as the "best hope" for a genuine American literature on stage. Some, however, look upon the new movement as an assault on the "old values," an attack on everything "American."

This new theater is called Off-Off Broadway, and the term is used not only to describe some 100 experimental theaters in New York City, but perhaps a thousand others that have sprung up from Maine to New Mexico, all in protest to the slickness and sameness of Broadway.

Off-Off Broadway, according to drama historian Michael Smith, was invented by playwrights "because they were unwanted elsewhere; it invented them because it needed new plays." About twenty-five years ago, playwrights and directors made a move away from the high cost of a Broadway production. Then the new theaters were called "Off Broadway." That movement became so successful, however, that soon it was difficult to tell "Off" from "On," a fate unlikely to happen to the new Off-Off Broadway theater.

Off-Off theater is all over. In New York City, plays are produced "Off-Off" in theaters that range all the way from 240-seat air-conditioned houses like the Abbey Theater on East 13th Street to the un-air-conditioned Section 10 Theater on Waverly Place that seats a mere sixty. Some of the New York Off-Off buildings were created as theaters. Some were originally lofts, restaurants, the basements of churches, libraries, candy

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Permission granted by Theatre Department, University of Texas at Austin

A scene from the University of Texas production, INDIANS, by Arthur Kopit.

OFF-OFF BROADWAY

stores, converted into theater with a great deal of imagination and little money.

Some critics argue that these formal New York Off-Off theaters are the smallest parts of the new movement. They would include not only the thousand conventional theaters across the nation that operate on the same basis as the New York Off-Off houses, but any street in New York. There are theater groups in several cities now who perform their plays any place that a small audience can gather — on Wall Street at noon, in the small park near the New York Public Library, even in subway stations.

Central to the new theater is the desire to create change, social change or theater change. There are theater groups, for example, dedicated to Black Liberation, Women's Liberation, Chicano Liberation, Youth Liberation, Old Age Liberation, Gay Liberation. Some theaters focus on changing the nature of American drama. One theater does classical Greek plays in an unusual manner — with nude actors. Some are interested in doing "classical and contemporary productions performed by professional actors trained in the Stanislavski method. One theater, Dr. Quackenbush's Traveling Medicine Show, is "Devoted entirely to the development of the art of circus performance."

Off-Off Broadway theater is, however, always the first place a new playwright takes his work when he is more interested in doing his play his own way than in making a profit. In most of these new theaters, the director, actor, and playwright get little cash — if any — for their services. In all of them, however, the play is more important than the box office.

Off-Off Broadway is a theater filled with people who argue fervently about almost everything — politics, ecology, sex, freedom, methods of acting, theories of the drama — in fact, everything perhaps except how to make money through theater.

These plays are filled with intensity. The language is usually violent, the themes unconventional, and its heroes would be villains on Broadway. In one way or another, most of these Off-Off productions are intended to shock the audience. Off-Off playwrights want their audiences to think differently and feel differently when they leave the theater than they did when they came in. This is the theater that attacks the President, as it did in one play, *MacBird,* without mercy or even justice. It also attacks motherhood, religion, and even apple pie. It tries to make the audience uncomfortable, angry, thoughtful, disgusted — anything except comfortable.

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Off-Off Broadway would seem to be the last place to find Old West drama heroes like Buffalo Bill, Billy the Kid, and Tonto, the Indian friend of the Lone Ranger. Almost from the beginning, however, Off-Off playwrights have shown a special concern and fondness for the subject matter and characters that make up the history and legends of the Old West. Often, to be sure, the Off-Off playwrights make fun of the older melodramatic treatment of the West.

Oddly enough, however, throughout most of the plays about the Old West, there is a genuine affection and a realistic respect for the Western heroes and their trials.

THE OLD WEST ON STAGE

From its earliest history, it is true, the American theater has tried to encourage playwrights to write about the American frontier. As early as 1766, Robert Rogers wrote a tragic melodrama, *Ponteach; or, The Savages of America,* the play that is generally credited with being "the first to treat a native subject at all seriously." *Ponteach* was of enough interest to be published in England, but it was not produced in America until after the Revolution. This play attempted to reform European attitudes toward the American Indians.

In the character of Ponteach, Rogers imitated Shakespeare's treatment of such characters as Julius Caesar and King Lear, but it mattered little how unrealistic the treatment was, American audiences soon made it obvious that plays about the West would be popular.

From *Ponteach* until the motion picture theater took over the Western, American drama on stage always had Western "hits." George Washington Parke Custis, the President's stepson, for example, wrote a number of plays about the American frontier — *The Indian Prophecy* (1827), a play based on an event in the early life of George Washington; and *Pocahontas, or The Settlers of Virginia* (1830), being two of the best known.

To encourage American drama about the frontier, the famous American actor, Edwin Forrest, in 1829 offered a prize for the "best tragedy in five acts, of which the hero or principal character shall be an aboriginal (Indian) of this country." John Augustus Stone won that prize with his play, *Metamora; or, The Last of the Wampanoags.* This play was so popular that Forrest kept producing it for the next thirty-five years.

By the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Western dramas were as popular on the stage as they are now in the motion picture theater and on television. The hits were many: Bret Harte's *The Luck of Roaring Camp,* Augustin Daly's *Horizon,* Frank Murdock's *Davy Crockett,* Joaquin Miller's *The Danites of the Sierras,* William F. Cody's Buffalo Bill dramas, like *Life on the Border,* and Augustus Thomas' *Arizona.* These and a thousand others taught American playwrights what a successful Western drama had to have.

The format of the Western drama, by the time Hollywood took it over, was pretty well set. It had to be a play with a great deal of action, with heroes who were almost perfect, with villains who had no virtues at all, save the fact that they were usually better educated, more intelligent and more professionally competent than the heroes. The villains, moreover, like the heroes had "to watch their language." It may have been all right for villains to murder, steal and cheat widows, but no "dirty words" were allowed. The Western — except for its violence — was "family entertainment."

Playwrights of the old Western melodramas were, essentially, showmen who used exaggerated stories of the Old West for pure entertainment. Once in a while an American playwright would use frontier material for a "serious" play. In 1906 William Vaughn Moody, for example, wrote *The Great Divide,* a play that was hailed by serious critics as a "great drama," one that contrasted "the independent freedom of the West with the inhibiting traditions of Puritan New England," and as such, its hero was allowed to be less than pure. Most of the playwrights, however, were like Buffalo Bill who laughed at critics who tried to make sense of his plays. He looked upon such a play as his *Life on the Border* as pure nonsense that could be played backwards as well as forward and that offered only "an evening of rollicking entertainment."

OFF-OFF WESTERNS

When the American theater started to take itself artistically serious in the 1920's, plays about the Old West just about disappeared. In the early 1920's, George Kaufmann and Marc Connelly made fun of the "Hollywood cowboy" in their comedy, *Merton of the Movies.* Twenty-five years ago, the musical comedy, *Annie, Get Your Gun* — based on Buffalo Bill's career — did very well on Broadway; but, until Off-Off Broadway, no director would take a chance on a serious play about the West.

If Buffalo Bill or Texas Jack — both theater-going Western heroes — were to visit Off-Off theatres today, they would be shocked at what they would see and hear on stage. Privately, however, both would probably admit that these new Off-Off plays are much closer to the facts of the "Real West" than any of the plays in which they appeared almost a century ago.

Off-Off Westerns are grimly realistic, anti-heroic, and irreverent. The playwrights favor the Indians over the whites, the "badmen" over the law-enforcement officers, even the "cowards" over the "brave" gunfighters. At the same time, however, it is clear that in these plays the Old West and the people who created it are important to Americans today.

Joel Oppenheimer, a writer for the *Village Voice* (the New York *Times* for Off-Off theater) and the author of *The Great American Desert,* one of the best Off-Off Western plays, thinks that the poetry would be best to capture the quality of the Old West.

"The Old West," he wrote to me recently, "as myth and history, seems to me to be a deeply ingrained part of the American experience. I am not sure that it will continue to hold the same position of importance for the present generation, but I do know that it was the most significant influence on mine. We all grew up on books and movies that used the Old West, either well or badly, and some of us probed deeper, and the material took over more and more of our consciousness."

Oppenheimer's play, *The Great American Desert,* takes place "somewhere west of Laramie," sometime in the late nineteenth century. The central action concerns three escaping bank robbers — the Old Cowboy, the Gunny, and the Young Cowboy. Nothing melodramatic happens in the play, thus putting this drama in sharp contrast with the conventional nineteenth-century Western.

The three characters talk about their past and hope for a better future, one that includes an escape from the pursuing lawmen. They talk

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about personal problems. The Gunny has a venereal disease and he is also on dope; the Old Cowboy has aches and pains; the Young Cowboy is trying to live up to the myths of the West. While they talk, the conventional heroes of the West (in a heaven that is seen on a platform over the stage) give historical information about the Old West. These heroes include Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid, and Doc Holliday. The information is in the form of commercials that are intended to remind the audience of the "facts" of the real Old West.

On the subject of the "drug problem," for example, one of the heavenly heroes reports: "During the Civil War ... the only means available to surgeons, physicians, and the like, of alleviating excruciating pain due to wounds or amputations were the drugs cocaine and morphine. As a consequence, close to a million men who had served valiantly found themselves 'hooked' to some extent on one of these drugs after the close of hostilities. Indeed, there were so many of these poor addicts that it was impossible for the government to pass any anti-narcotic legislation till after the turn of the century, when their numbers had diminished." This commercial is Oppenheimer's explanation — in terms of the facts of history — as to why one of his bad-man heroes is a dope addict, but it also is intended to make the audience realistically understand that the present and the past are more alike than is conventionally shown in the old-time Western drama.

In the same play, when Wyatt Earp speaks from heaven, he is not the conventional hero of TV and the movies. He is, in spite of his denials, a psychopath; but Oppenheimer suggests that under certain conditions one almost has to be psychopathic. "Boys," Earp says in a commercial, "this here is Wyatt Earp speaking from up here in heaven. I sure hope all you fellows are doing your best to do your part ... I know there are some around today who'll try and tell you boys I was a psychopath, because ... I liked to lip my buntline special ... across some baddie's face, but, boys, I was just doing my part as I saw fit ... There's no denyin' that all that shootin' and killin' and hootin' and hollerin' wasn't fun too, but mostly it was plain and simple doin' my part."

Oppenheimer, in a letter to me about his play, wrote, "What I was saying basically was that life in 1870 on the great plains was not so much different from life in 1960 in the big city — men then also worried about a great number of possible misfortunes, none of which except the most unexpected came to pass."

A scene from the Brookdale College, New Jersey, production of TONTO, by Guy Gauthier.

Permission granted by playwright Guy Gauthier, 186 East 2nd St., Apt. 16, New York, N. Y.

BUFFALO BILL ON THE NEW STAGE

Although Off-Off playwrights are always critical of the popular reputations of the Old West heroes, their plays show a respect for the men who made those reputations. Oppenheimer's Wyatt Earp, for example, does say enough to show he was something of a psychopath, but the play also makes it clear that Earp has some justice on his side when he argues that the times — all times — demand that a man "do his part," whatever it is.

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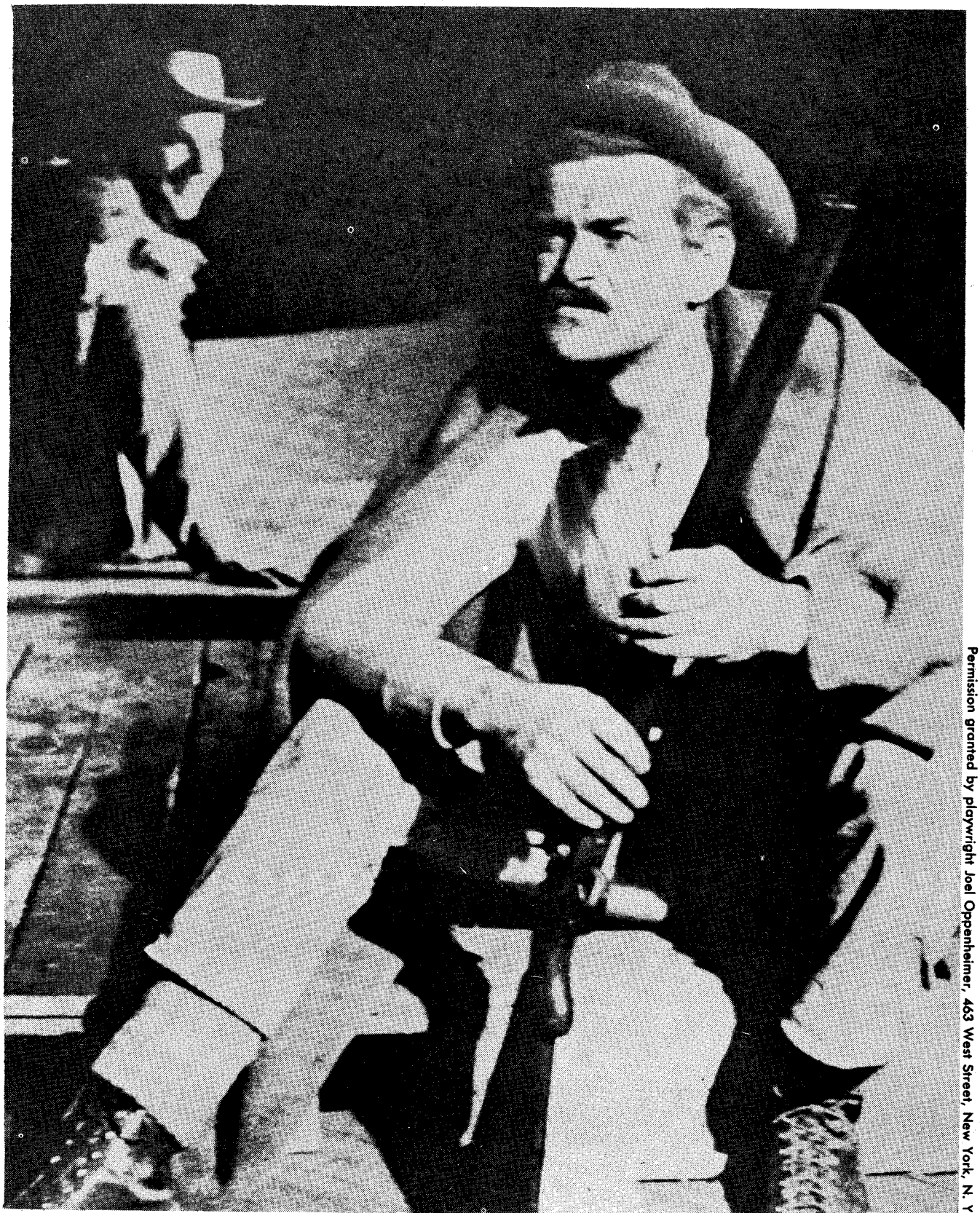

Permission granted by playwright Joel Oppenheimer, 463 West Street, New York, N. Y.

A scene from the Judson Poets' Theater production of THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT, by Joel Oppenheimer.

Arthur Kopit's *Indians,* for another example, is probably the best known of the new plays about the Old West. In this play, Buffalo Bill, viewed through the rosy glow of his conventional reputation, might almost seem to be a weak villain. In any terms, to be sure, it is an unflattering account of Cody's career as Western scout and American showman. The advertisements of the play announce that *Indians* is intended to show that the conventional story of the "taming of a savage land" — the old melodramatic view of the settling of the West — is nothing more than a "fraudulent mythologizing of greed and stupidity — just as the Wild West Show itself is."

At the end of the play, Buffalo Bill attempts to justify the United States policy against the Indians. "The Indians were the *temporary occupants*

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of the land. They had to be vanquished by us! It was, in fact, our *moral* obligation." Cody, in spite of being given the responsibility for that policy, is still a hero — an exceptional man with whom the audience should feel sympathy. In a "flashback scene," the dead Sitting Bull tells him, "Farewell, Cody. You were my friend. And indeed you still are ..." Sitting Bull admits, however, that the reason he did not kill Cody was simply that it would not have made any difference.

In many nineteenth-century Western plays, the Indian characters were sometimes treated as semi-heroes, usually because of services they performed for the white conquerors. In the Off-Off plays, the heroic Indian is the one who saves not merely his own fellow Indians, but also saves the Indian "way of life." In Guy Gauthier's *Tonto,* for example, the Indian friend of the Lone Ranger kills him when he is unmasked as a killer of Indians. In Joseph Hart's *Ghost Dance,* Bull Head, the Indian, is a hero only when he gives up being

(continued on page 59)

Permission granted by Theatre Department, University of Texas at Austin

A scene from the University of Texas production of INDIANS by Arthur Kopit.

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THE DAY PAT GARRETT WAS KILLED

By Carl W. Breihan

After Sheriff Pat Garrett shot Billy the Kid, everything went downhill. He ran for sheriff in another county and was beaten so he moved to Uvalde. He drifted from ranching ot other jobs and he was a private citizen when he was shot and killed in February, 1908, near Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Life was not the same for Pat Garrett after he had killed the popular Billy the Kid. His luck seemed to have run out. When his term as Sheriff of Lincoln County expired he retired briefly to his ranch. He owned over a thousand acres of land along the Hondo River, near the confluence of the Pecos River, but life on the ranch was drab and unexciting. In 1884 he decided to accept a captaincy in the Texas Rangers at Tascosa.

His work with the rangers brought him within the focus of a large detective agency, and in eighteen months Pat gave up his commission to become the Panhandle district manager of that detective agency. He broke up a number of powerful cattle-rustling combines which had been preying on cattle drivers and ranchers. In fact, Garrett was called to Texas primarily for that reason. The big cattlemen had petitioned Governor Hogg to grant him the captaincy in the Rangers.

However, for some unknown reason, Garrett returned to his ranch in 1887. He is credited with discovering the great reservoir of artesian water which underlies the Roswell region, and with several others he organized the Pecos Valley Irrigation Company. Had he held on to his land for twenty years longer, riches might have been his; for it came to be valued at one hundred and fifty dollars an acre.

He ran for sheriff of the newly formed county of Chavez — a part of Lincoln County — and was defeated. He became so embittered that he sold his holdings and moved to Uvalde. He said later that he felt his so-called friends in New Mexico had let him down in this election after he had done them the favor of disposing of Billy the Kid. But Garrett should have known that the majority of the people of that county were sympathetic to the Kid.

After five years of ranching Garrett returned to law-enforcing. Governor W. T. Thornton appointed him Sheriff of Dona Ana County, New Mexico, to fill the unexpired term of Numa Raymond. By this time the ill-feeling against Garrett had subsided somewhat, for subsequently he was twice elected sheriff of that county. In 1901 President Theodore Roosevelt visited New Mexico and started a lasting friendship with the famous lawman. He appointed Garret as Collector of Customs at El Paso.

As a matter of record, it must be stated that Garrett was not always an affable and kindly peace officer. At times he was inconsiderate and deliberately unkind to his prisoners, but so were many others in his position. It was a rough country which bred rough men and demanded, at times, rough procedure.

In March of 1894 the big cattlemen met at Las Cruces and formed the Southeastern New Mexico Livestock Association, with Colonel A. J. Fountain as the association lawyer. It was he, therefore, who was to do the real fighting and therefore was the special target for the opposing faction. Before the end of the year Fountain had sent twenty men to the penitentiary for cattle rustling.

In the following January, Fountain and his eight-year-old son Henry drove in their wagon from Luna's Well to Las Cruces, and that was the last anyone ever saw of them. Garrett was placed in charge of the investigation. He knew that Fountain had secured indictments against several men for the unlawful branding of cattle, and he chose to follow up this line of inquiry. A reward had been offered for the arrest and conviction of the Fountain murderers. Jack Maxwell told Pat Garrett that Sheriff Perry of Roswell knew certain facts, but would not swear to them unless he received two thousand dollars of the reward money. A contract was drawn up, promising Maxwell the two thousand dollars if a conviction was obtained. Garrett then procured bench warrants for the men Fountain had prosecuted, charging them with taking part in the murder of Colonel Fountain and his son.

Albert Fall, attorney for the arrested men, presented evidence showing that the names of the three men on trial were specified in the contract with Jack Maxwell. The jury finally brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty". Later all the indictments issued against the men were dismissed. Probably the mystery of the Fountain murders will never absolutely be solved, but this writer believes that "Killing Jim" Miller surely had a hand in it.

With his appointment as Collector of Customs it seemed that Garrett was on his way to better things, but as usual he made the wrong follow-up move. After four years in office, Roosevelt visited El Paso and attended a banquet in his honor, said to have been given by members of his old Rough Riders corps. Although not a member, Garrett was extended an invitation by the President. Pat brought along a saloonkeeper friend, Tom Powers, whom he introduced as a prominent Texas cattleman. It was reported that Powers drank one too many. A photographer took a picture showing them with the President, which gave Pat's enemies their chance. They secured a copy of the photograph and mailed it to President Roosevelt, identifying Powers as the keeper of a low dive. It had the desired effect, and Roosevelt, feeling that the dignity of the Presidency had been insulted, did not reappoint Garrett when his term as Collector of

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Courtesy Robert N. Mullin

Pat Garrett. Photo taken when he was Collector of Customs at El Paso in 1906.

Customs expired.

After leaving El Paso, Garrett settled in Las Cruces. There he acquired several ranches which he rented to stockmen while he raised his five children. Nothing much is known about them except that his blind daughter, Elizabeth, was a talented musician who appeared on concert platforms and won wome recognition for songs of her own composition.

One of his ranches was rented by a young stockman named Jesse Wayne Brazel (referred to as Wayne), son of the Jesse Brazel who was a partner in the Wilcox and Brazel ranch, from which Tom O'Folliard rode to his death. No deal Garrett made was more unfortunate. Prior to renting land from Garrett, Wayne Brazel had been employed on the ranch of W.W. Cox, and it was he who loaned Brazel and R.P. Rhode the money to begin their goat ranch. Brazel also used the land to graze sheep. Pat Garrett hated sheep, and goats even more.

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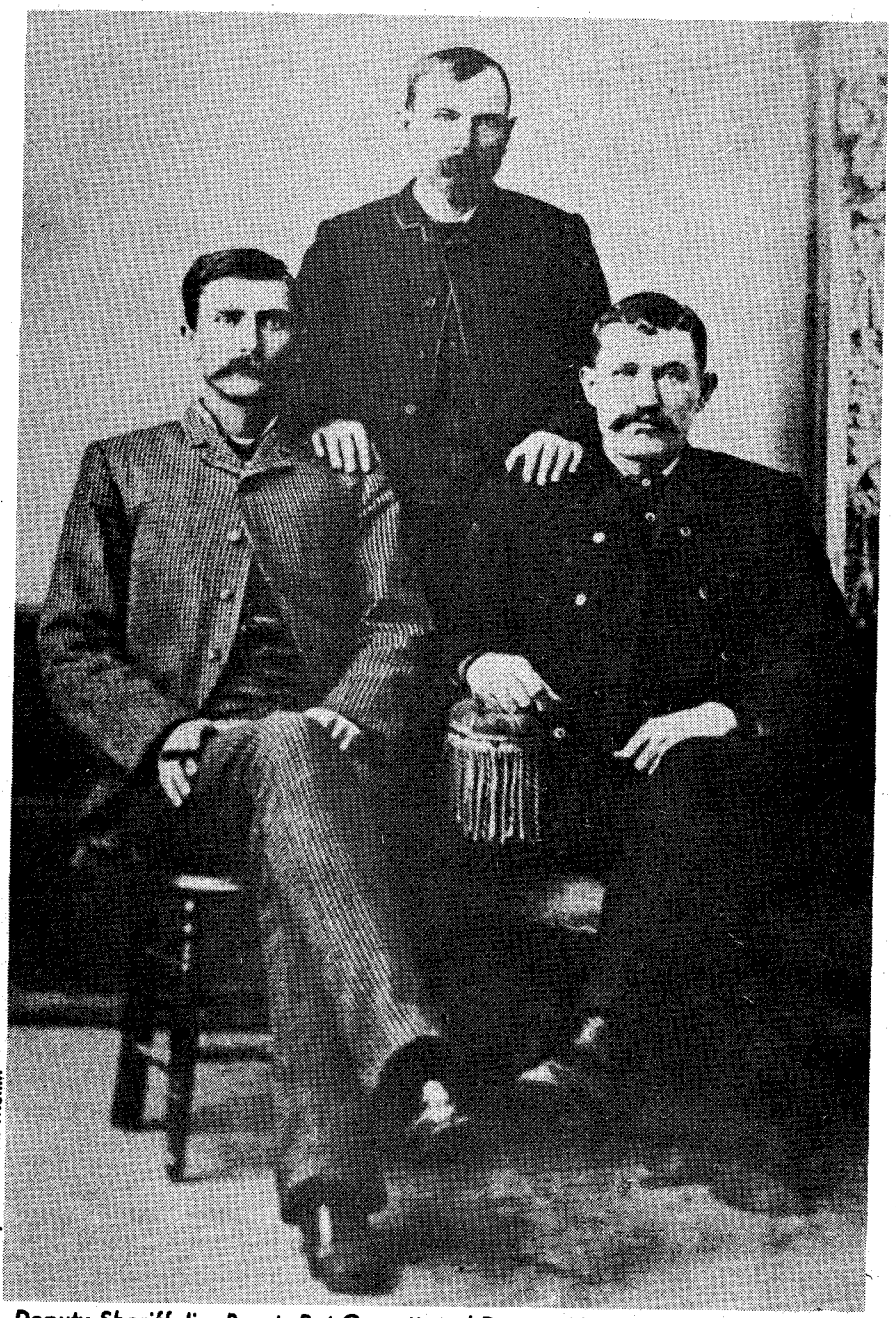

Courtesy Robert N. Mullin

Deputy Sheriff Jim Brent, Pat Garrett and Deputy Sheriff Joe Poe. Photo was taken in 1881.

On February 28, 1908, when Garrett was in his fifty-ninth year, he and Carl Adamson of Roswell, New Mexico, a former cowhand from Eddy County, started out from Las Cruces from his Bean Canyon Ranch. Prior to this trip, Brazel and Rhode had agreed to terminate their lease with Garrett if Adamson would purchase the goats, as he promised he would.

Adamson and Garrett spent the night on the trail. On the morning of February 29, Wayne Brazel was riding toward Las Cruces in the old Scott freight road when he ran across A. P. Rhode. After a little conversation, he continued leisurely on his way. About seven miles northeast of Las Cruces, he was overtaken by Garrett and Adamson. At the junction in Alameda Arroyo, two miles nearer town, Garrett and Brazel engaged in a heated dispute about the goats. When the argument was over, Pat Garrett was a dead man.

The coroner's jury decided that Garrett had met his death as a result of pistol wounds inflicted by Wayne Brazel. According to Dr. W. C. Field, who had examined the location immediately after the shooting and who later performed the autopsy, Garrett's body lay face up, his undischarged shotgun, loaded with birdshot, nearby. Some reports stated that Garrett had been shot twice from the front. However, the inquest report shows he was shot in the back of the head and from the front. Apparently the latter shot had been fired after Garrett had fallen to the ground, since the bullet ranged upward from the lower ribs and emerged between the shoulder blades.

Did Brazel shoot Garrett in the back of the head as Pat was relieving himself next to the buggy; then fire another shot from the front?

The body was left to lie where it had fallen. Brazel covered it with a blanket; then he rode to Las Cruces in the buckboard (or buggy as some said) with Carl Adamson. In town Brazel gave himself up to Deputy Sheriff Felipe Lucero, stating that he had just killed Pat Garrett. This account may well be true, but it seems strange that Garrett's body should be left lying in the road, especially as he had been on his way to Las Cruces. If Adamson, in fact, was a friend of Garrett his action was peculiar indeed, and assumes a doubly suspicious aspect.

On April 13 the grand jury indicted Wayne Brazel for murder. He was released on ten thousand dollars' bond supplied by W. W. Cox, John May, and Jeff Issacks. Even at that time many stories were circulating that Garrett had been the victim of a conspiracy. The unexplained absence of Adamson at Brazel's trial a year later certainly seemed odd to a great many people.

One report inferred that "Killing Jim" Miller, who had an old score to settle and who reportedly had been paid a goodly sum by certain people to dispose of Garrett, had planned the whole thing. It was also rumored that Brazel was not involved in any way in Garrett's death, but that Miller and a man named Felix Jones were the culprits who actually disposed of the one-time sheriff. Felix Jones, research reveals, was a professional killer who had served twenty-five years in the Texas State Prison for murdering a man. He bragged many times that he "dusted the gallows."

Not satisfied with the foregoing, the author dug deeper into this mystery and came up with what he believes is the true story of Garrett's murder.

As related, Brazel had begun to use Garrett's land as a sheep and goat ranch, and learning of this, Garrett sought to interest another rancher in leasing the land. At this opportune time Carl Adamson conveniently put in his appearance and signified his willingness to look the property over, with a view of leasing it if he found it satisfactory.

On February 28 Adamson arrived and offered to drive Garrett out to the

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ranch, which lay in the Organ Mountains, some thirty miles from Las Cruces. That afternoon Garrett and Adamson reached the Bear Canyon Ranch, where Garrett informed Brazel that he had exceeded his authority in subletting the property, thereby forfeiting his own lease.

Heated words flew between the aging Garrett and the young rancher, and Garrett, finding Brazel adamant to all proposals to vacate peaceable or cancel the sub-lease, then threatened to take court action. Leaving, Garrett and Adamson put up for the night at a neighboring ranch, intending to start for Las Cruces the following morning.

Early afternoon on the next day, Wayne Brazel overtook them. He drew alongside the buckboard and again began the controversy about the lease. This argument lasted for several miles.

"I'm giving you damn little more time to make up your mind to vacate!" Garrett shouted. "If I can't get you off one way, I sure can another."

"I paid you good money for that lease, and I'm riding to town with you to see that your foxy lawyer doesn't put one over on me," replied Brazel.

By this time they were traveling a lonely stretch of road between the village of Organ and Las Cruces. Both Garrett and Brazel had reached a point in their argument where almost anything could happen, and at that time Adamson chose to halt the team, remarking, "Something's gone wrong with my nigh horse. I'll find out what it is."

Alighting, Adamson stepped to the front of the team and began examining the bits. Meanwhile, Pat Garrett climbed out of the rig to stretch his cramped muscles. Brazel rode close and again began badgering Garrett who quickly lost his temper. "You'll get off or be put off!" he snapped.

In the body of the buckboard lay Pat's Winchester shotgun, loaded with birdshot. He stepped closer to the vehicle.

Adamson, still fiddling with the bridle, cast a furtive glance toward the thickly wooded rise, some fifty yards off the trail. A faint swaying of a branch caught his eye, the sun gleamed on metal, and Adamson grasped the heads of his team firmly and braced himself.

Pat Garrett, his back toward the thicket, gave a convulsive jerk as crimson flame jetted from the slope, and a slug plowed its way through the back of Pat's head. Desperately the old warrior reached for his scattergun. Dying, he swung the weapon around as Brazel went into action. His sixgun blazed. But the ex-sheriff had already slumped to the ground like a tall sapling in the wind when Brazel's slug struck him in the lower ribs.

Throwing an old blanket over Garrett's body, and without a second look at the victim, Adamson and Brazel calmly rode off toward Las Cruces.

Five hours later a posse led by Major Eugene Van Patten reached the scene of the killing. Garrett's body lay beside the wheel tracks in the road where it had fallen. On the ground beside him was his unfired shotgun. The scene was as Brazel had described it to the authorities in town, apparently bearing out his assertion

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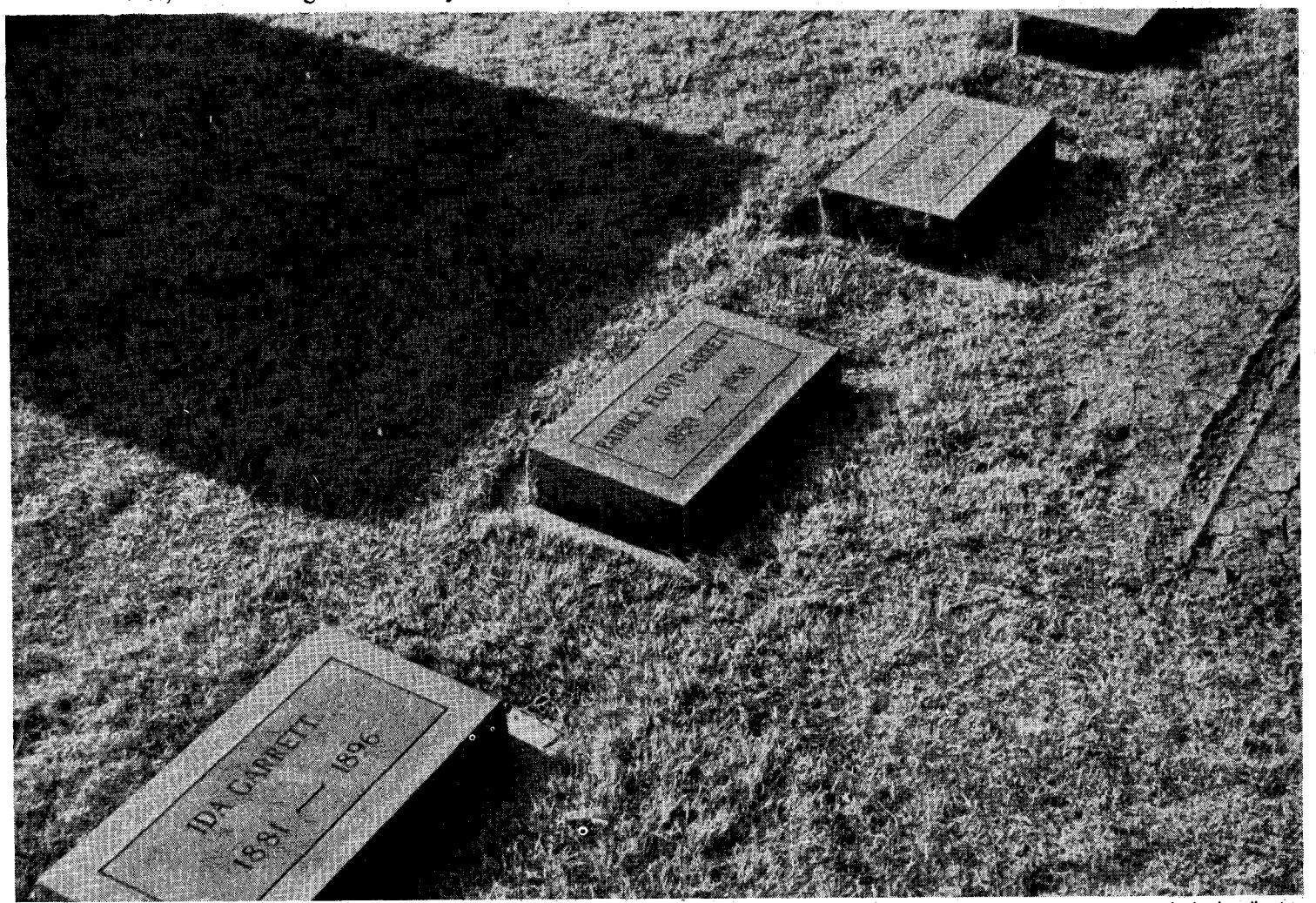

Grave of Pat Garrett

Author's collection

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BILLY HAMILTON
Neo Mountainman

By Rex Bundy

National Anthropological Archives

Washakie's band and encampment in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming in 1870.

An authentic account of a tenderfoot's first trip with the wild-eyed, bushy-tailed mountainmen who opened up the Far West long before the covered wagons squeaked Westward. Billy Hamilton had the best teacher there was. "Old Bill" Williams.

He was not a true mountainman in the sense that he was among those first-runners of our westward expansion beyond the Mississippi River. He was, however, one of the unsung heroes who comprised the backbone of the westward expansion of this nation without the ballyhoo of the dime novels.

Although Billy Hamilton missed the heyday of the mountainmen by a mere decade, he was taught the arts of those experts by a past master, William Sherley Williams, better known among his peers as, "Old Bill" Williams. Billy Hamilton learned his lessons well — he survived. Not only his first trip into the mountains as a greenhorn, but in his travels that took him to the California goldfields, the coasts of Oregon, the mountains and plains of Idaho, and finally to the mountains, high plains and prairies of what later became Montana.

William Thomas Hamilton was born at River Till, England on December 6, 1822, and less than four years later his parents, Alexander and Margaret Hamilton, had settled on a farm not far from St. Louis, Missouri. It was

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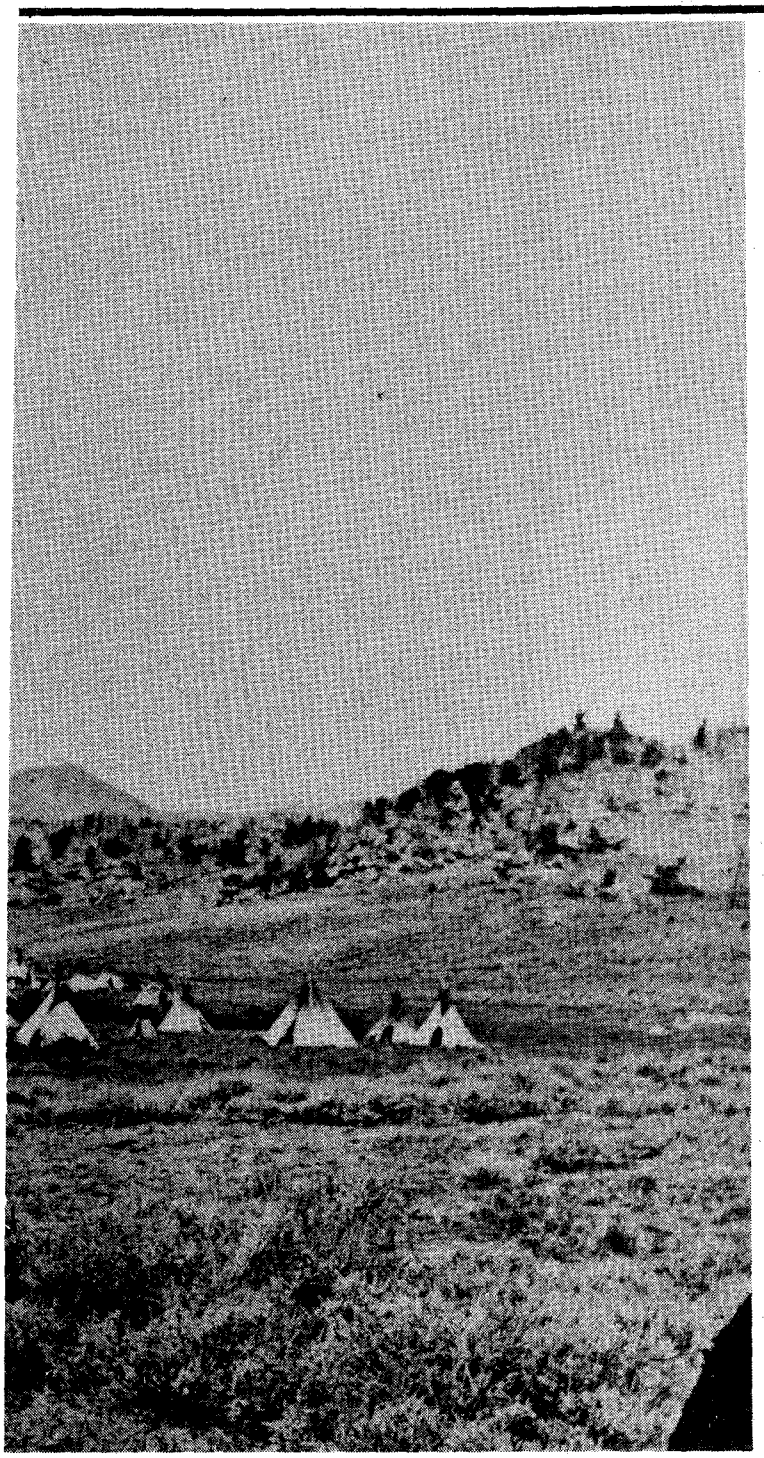
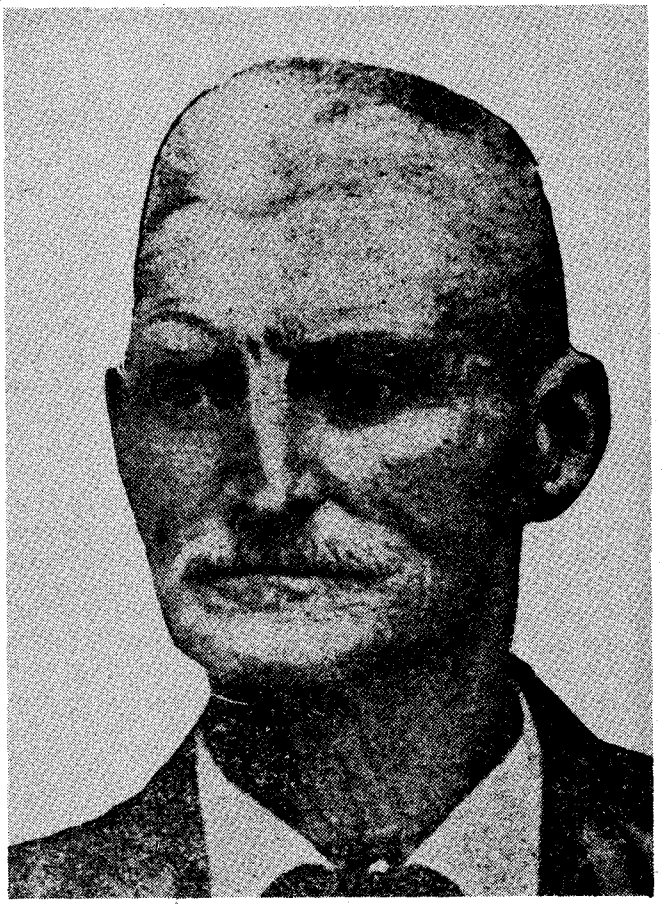


here, on the very threshold of the western frontier, that Billy Hamilton grew to young manhood.

Ill health brought a halt to Billy's education when he was twelve, and intermittent illness for the following seven years caused his doctor to recommend a change of climate. Having heard many stories of the wonderful curative powers of the mountain air, Billy persuaded his parents to stake him to a trapping expedition. His father got in touch with outfitters in St. Louis and was fortunate enough to get Billy in a party headed by "Old Bill" Williams, the mountainman.

March 1, 1842, Billy Hamilton met "Old Bill" in St. Louis where Williams had recruited a party of seven mountainmen who had survived the rugged winters of the mountains and the high plains, the numerous engagements with the Indians, plus the solitude required of that life. These men had not retired to farms along the Missouri River and were among the very few who had not left their bones in some unknown mountain valley or high



William T. Hamilton

plains coulee — victim of an Indian's wrath.

Like "Old Bill", these men had survived all the perils attendant with the life of a mountainman, but all knew that the decline of the fur trade, as they had known it, was inevitable. The days of the free, wild rendezvous were over, although a man could make a living by trapping and trading with the Indians.

Second in command of this party was George Perkins, a man who had "seen the elephant." In the terminology of that era it meant he had been around and was experienced. The others who comprised the party had spent years in the mountains: "Silvertip" Bowers and Jim Russell, both of whom were experts with the Indian bow and arrow, Jake Dockett, "Kentuck" Howard, Dave Evans and Jack Noble. And to these rough, experienced men the scrawny, white-faced lad of nineteen who was introduced to them was a very poor excuse for a companion on the trip they contemplated.

"What yu donna do with him, Bill? Show him to the Indians an' make 'em die laughin'?" This remark was brought on by the fact that Billy Hamilton was dressed in the height of fashion of that era. In fact, he had dressed with special care to make an impression, and he did — but the wrong one.

There was no place to obtain the required garments in St. Louis that would make Billy inconspicuous, so he was forced to wear his elegant attire until the party reached Independence. Immediately upon his arrival, he purchased two suits of buckskin clothing and was soon dressed like the others in the party.

One suit he packed away with his gear, and the other he doused a couple of times in the Muddy Missouri. He then tromped it into the mud, washed off the excess and donned the suit while it was still damp, with the result that it fit like a second skin. And it was not long before his buckskins were also knee-sprung, baggy-bottomed and as filthy as the others.

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When Billy had made himself presentable, in the mountainmen's eyes, the party started selecting horses for a pack train. All their goods, or most of them, had been transported from St. Louis in wagons. These were sold in Independence and additional animals had to be acquired. Billy, although thoroughly familiar with horses and mules, soon learned the difficult art of making up packs and loading them aboard animals in a manner that kept them on the animals securely, and on March 15, 1842 the party left Independence, Missouri.

Their course was WNW to touch the Republican River valley and on north and westward for the valley of the Platte where Williams hoped to find his friends, the Cheyenne. During these days of travel, Billy learned lessons he never forgot, and some of them were learned the hard way.

At one camp, George Perkins kicked him completely around the campsite and, when Billy revolted, smashed him to the ground with his fists. Billy learned a lesson from this — to reload his rifle immediately after firing. But Billy was excited that day, he had killed his first antelope. When he and Perkins returned to camp, George asked Billy to show the others how well he could shoot and pointed out a mark for him. Billy tried, but an unloaded rifle does a very poor job.

On Salt Creek, Billy saw his first wild Indians and was not too impressed with them. The party had just made camp when they saw a small herd of running buffalo. To the experienced mountainmen it meant Indians, and the party corraled their stock and used the packs for breastworks. This was scarcely accomplished when the buffalo thundered past, followed by thirty painted Kiowa warriors.

The Kiowa, at that time, were hostile to any small party they encountered, but after looking over the preparations made by the mountainmen, they decided discretion was the best policy and only demanded payment for crossing their land. Williams argued with them in sign language, then gave them a small twist of tobacco as a token payment and signed for them to be on their way. Billy was fascinated with this means of communication and pestered Williams at each opportunity to teach him the sign language. Between "Old Bill" and the other members of the party, Billy soon learned a great deal of the universal language of the Plains Indians.

The party kept close watch that night as they fully expected the Kiowa to return and make an attempt to run off the stock. And it was on this first night watch that Billy finally discovered the reason for the two 10-gauge double-barrel shotguns the party carried. These shotguns were loaded with one musket ball and six buckshot. With a load such as this it was nearly impossible to miss any night marauder.

They were undisturbed that night and at daybreak started down Salt Creek for the Platte River, where "Old Bill" hoped to find the Cheyenne. No Indians were found, however, until the party encamped on the North Platte near Cherry Creek. Here three young warriors of White Antelope's band rode into camp. After feasting the young men, Williams sent them to his friend, White Antelope, with gifts and word that his party would be in the next day to trade.

The sun was high before the Williams party arrived at the Cheyenne encampment. Williams and Perkins had preceded the main party to select a campsite and to have the inevitable smoke that was a necessity before any trading or visiting could be done.

As soon as the packs were taken from the packs animals, a small wall tent was erected to hold the trade goods and the furs received in trade. Then all the animals, riding and pack, were placed in the care of White Antelope, as this was the only means of protecting their animals from the taking ways of their friends, the Cheyenne, since any horse was fair game if loose and unattended.

At this camp Billy's schooling in the art of Indian trading began. He was astonished at the amount of eatables being given the Cheyenne women and asked Dockett the reason. Dockett told him it was necessary, and if the gifts dispensed were small, the Indian immediately assumed the giver was stingy and therefore not too reliable. The eatables, it was explained, were for a feast for the whole encampment, and the Indians would furnish the necessary meat.

Next, the array of trading goods was spread out, half-ounce balls for the old Hudson's Bay fusils some of the Indians carried, powder, flints, beads, paint, blue and scarlet cloth, blankets, calico, knives and a few copper pots. And when the trading started, Billy was immediately made aware of one mandatory rule to follow in all dealings with the Indians: Never pay one Indian more for a fur than another. If this was done, it ruined the trade and created hard feelings not only against the trader but among the Indians of the encampment.

The actual trading was done by Noble and Dockett, but Billy was a very interested observer. The altercations over the grading of the furs was watched with intense interest, and Billy added to his knowledge of sign language before the day's trading was completed, and all were called to

A Cheyenne camp.

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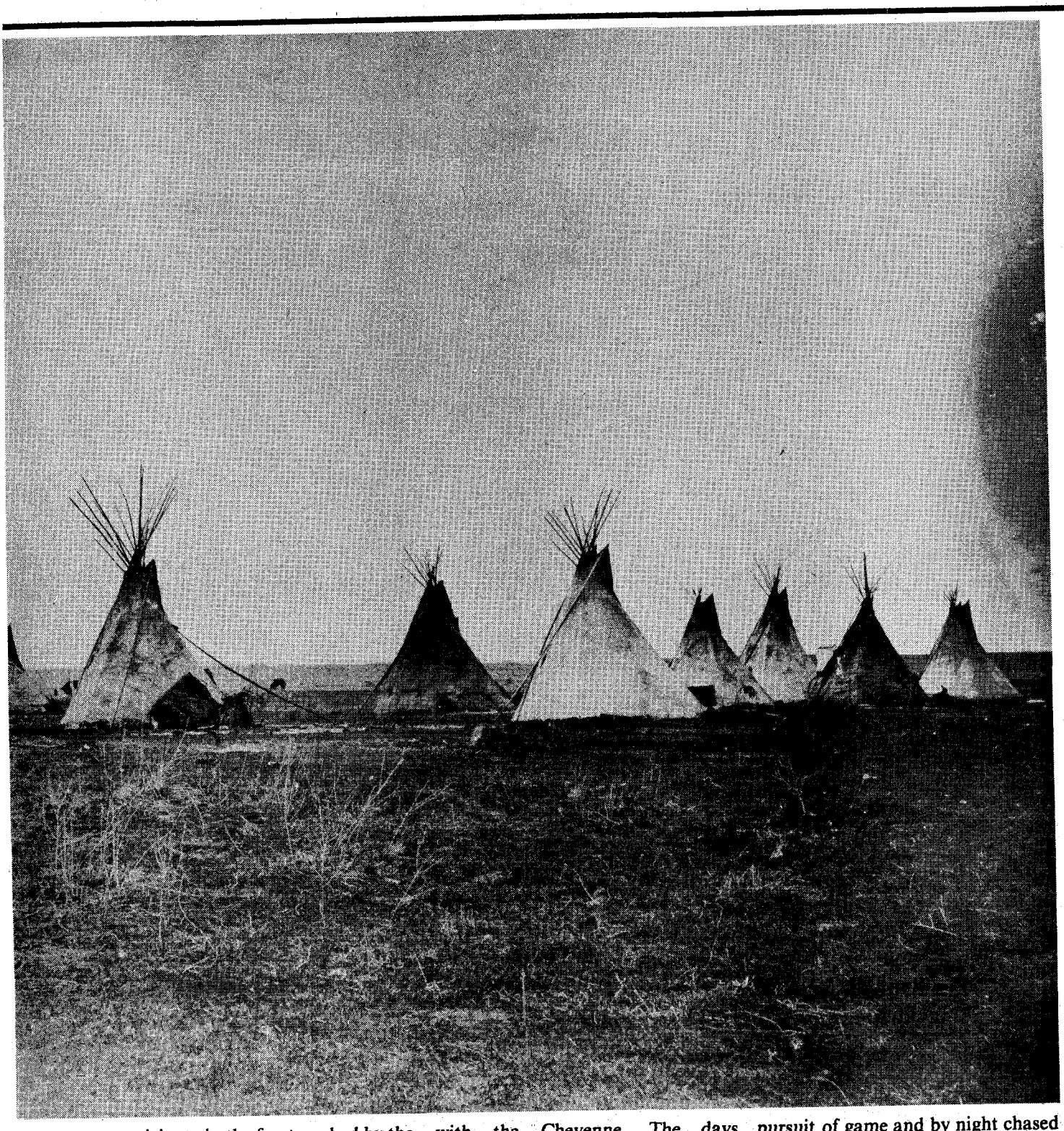

National Anthropological Archives

participate in the feast cooked by the Indian women.

At the feast, Billy was seated between White Antelope's son, Swift Runner, and Dockett. Dockett, who had had a Cheyenne woman as a wife years before, was fluent in Cheyenne, and between Swift Runner and Dockett, Billy's knowledge of the oral language and sign language flourished. By the time the feast was ended, Swift Runner and Billy were dedicated friends.

When the trading was completed, and many prime furs were baled into packs, the Williams' party stayed on with the Cheyenne. The days stretched into weeks and the weeks into two months while the camp moved short distances downstream and then down the North Platte. For Billy, the days were a delight and the nights even more delightful. He was young, good-looking and rich by Indian standards, and the Cheyenne girls were not blind.

Even though the Cheyenne were a highly moral people, the standards of courtship were well established and certain things not approved by the white race were overlooked. So by day Billy chased across the plains in pursuit of game and by night chased through the river thickets in pursuit of more exciting game. On occasions, both pursuits were formidable in that jealousy was aroused in many places. But with Swift Runner as his guide and teacher, Billy did not become involved.

One evening, Swift Runner brought word to Billy that a buffalo hunt was being organized for the next day and asked if he would like to accompany them. He also offered Billy the use of a trained buffalo-running horse. Billy was enthused.

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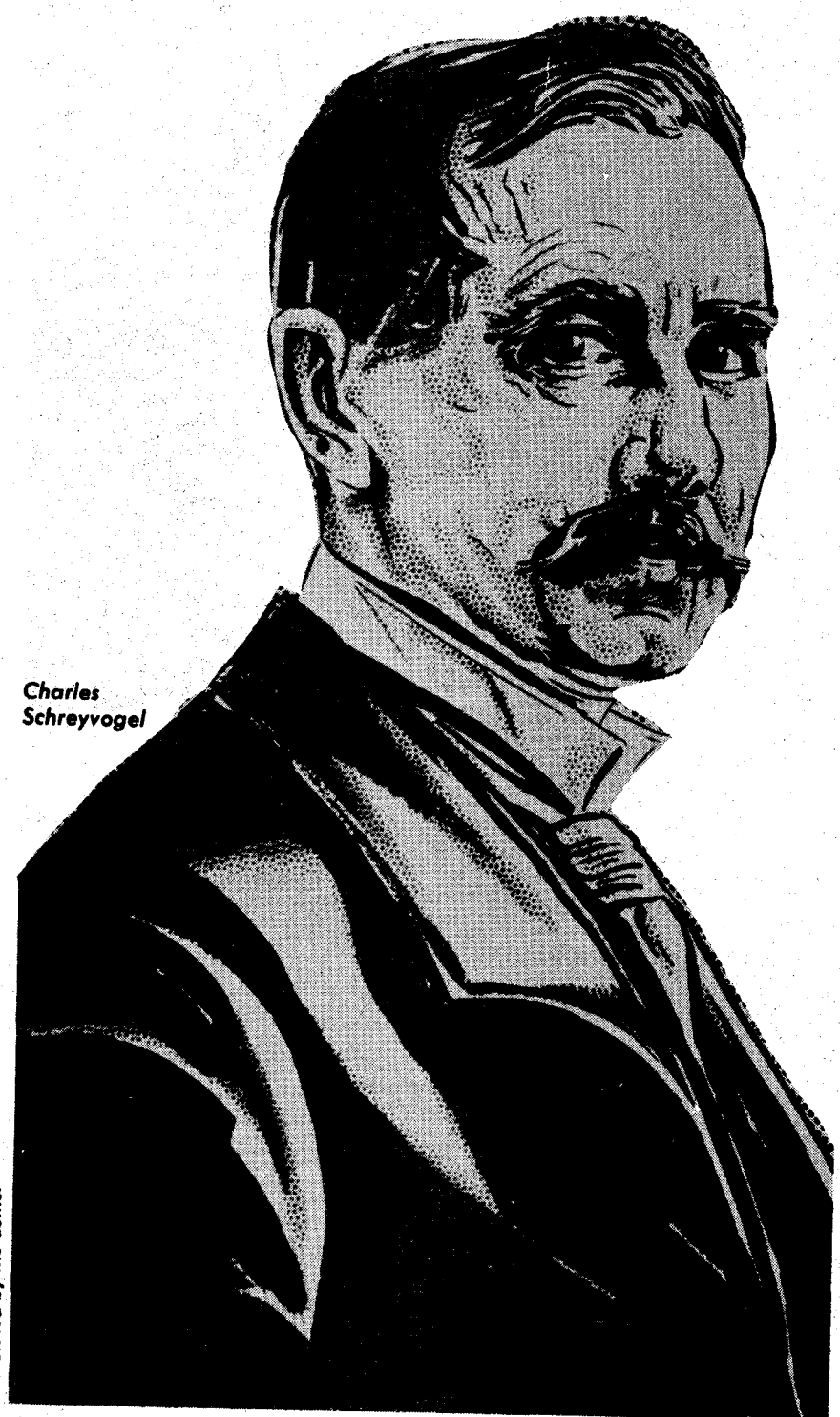
CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL, Painter Of The West

By Mario A. DeMarco



Charles Schreyvogel

Sketched by the author

Almost at the very beginning of time, the cave man began scratching and chipping his crude renditions of animals and people of his time on the walls of caves and stones with colored fragments of clay and vegetation. Man of the future has thus been able to "look" into that early period through his works of art. Artists have always played a great part in the development of civilization, for man can learn and improve his way of life from his drawings and paintings. They also act as objects of history, for each

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This painting, entitled "Custer's Demand", was considered a great picture of historical event" in 1903.

painting that an artist has produced, he had once visualized or witnessed — therefore he has done what the camera later would record in a future era.

It was during the development of the early west that a handful of these talented men managed to capture the excitement and adventurous spirit that finally brought the winning over of this great land. Their drawings and paintings of people captured them flowing into this wild land many times over. Their most colorful and exciting works depict the American Indian in his endless task of trying to stop the "immigrants" and the soldiers from consuming his lands. Later came the "cowboy" with his great herds of cattle — all these great events were done through the sharp eyes and hands of these great historian artists. It was during the last few years before civilization erased the saga of the "wild west" that such great painters as Frederick Remington and Charles Russell spring to mind. The works of these two great giants in their field are really superb, but there stands another painter of this period who should be compared to them. His name is Charles Schreyvogel. Although he didn't manage to produce as great a volume as Remington or Russell, his works are equally praised.

Charles was born in New York City in 1861. His parents had migrated from Germany. During his grammar school years he showed a great talent and a desire to be an artist. His parents were against these ambitions, but his desire was too strong to be crushed. He got a job in a lithographing shop and managed to learn the value of color. Later, with the aid and influence of a close friend, he managed to attend art classes at night, and it was through the influence of this same friend that Charles came to know that painting would he his life. With the help of his unselfish brothers and an aunt. Charles was given his big chance to attend an art school in Munich, Germany.

Here he studied for three years and showed great promise as a painter. The frail art student, suffering from chronic asthma was forced to return to America. Attending doctors advised him to go out west and breath the warm dry air. Since boyhood, his great desire was to draw the soldiers, Indians and cowboys he had heard so much about. Living near Governor's Island in New York, he managed to talk to many of the veterans of the Indian campaigns who had been sent there. Many of these soldiers recalled

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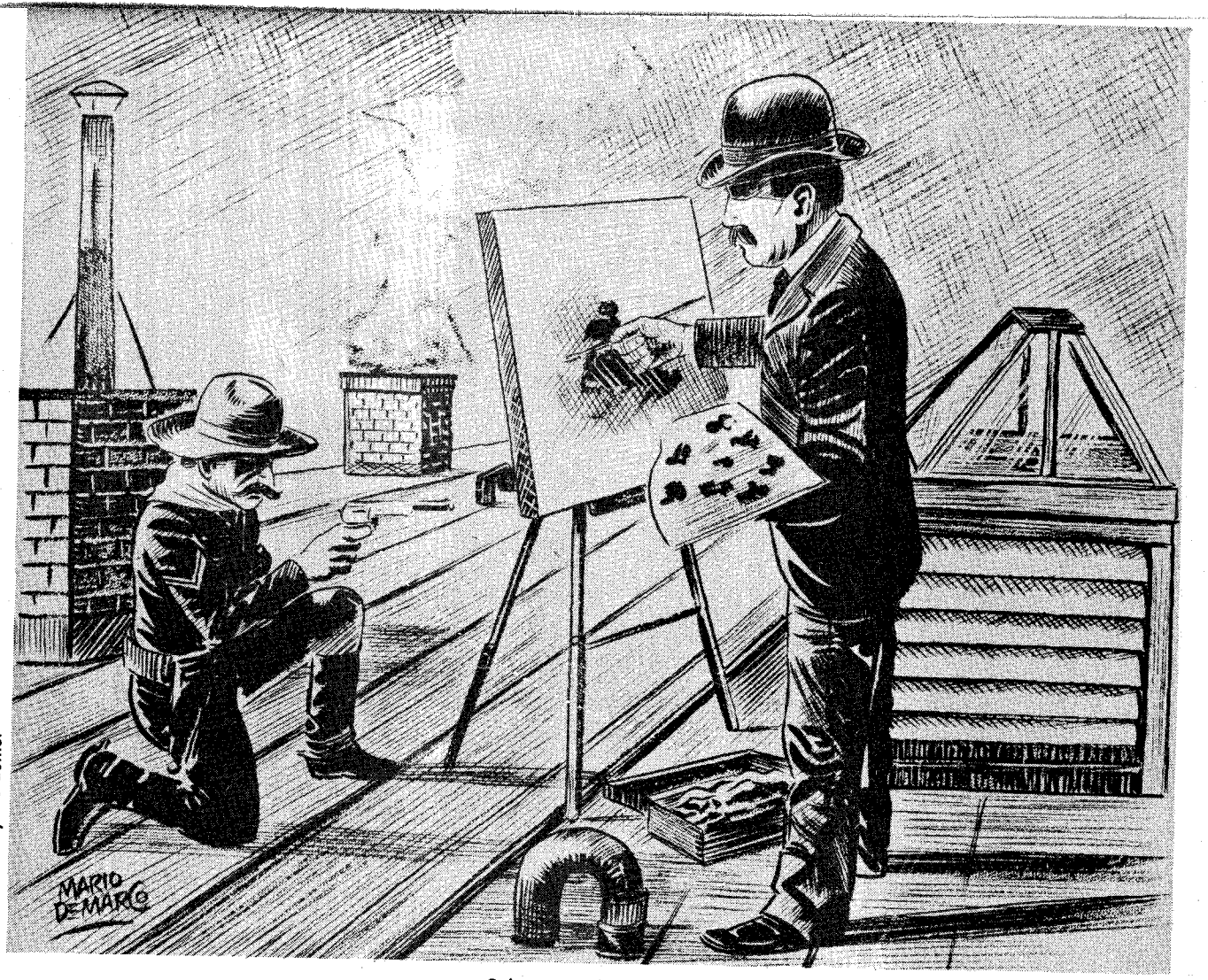

Sketched by the author

Schreyvogel at work.

This action-filled painting, entitled, "Attack at Dawn", actually makes the viewer a part of this vivid scene.

their exploits and battles with the "redskins," which "fired" up the young artist.

He became friendly with the manager of the "Buffalo Bill Wild

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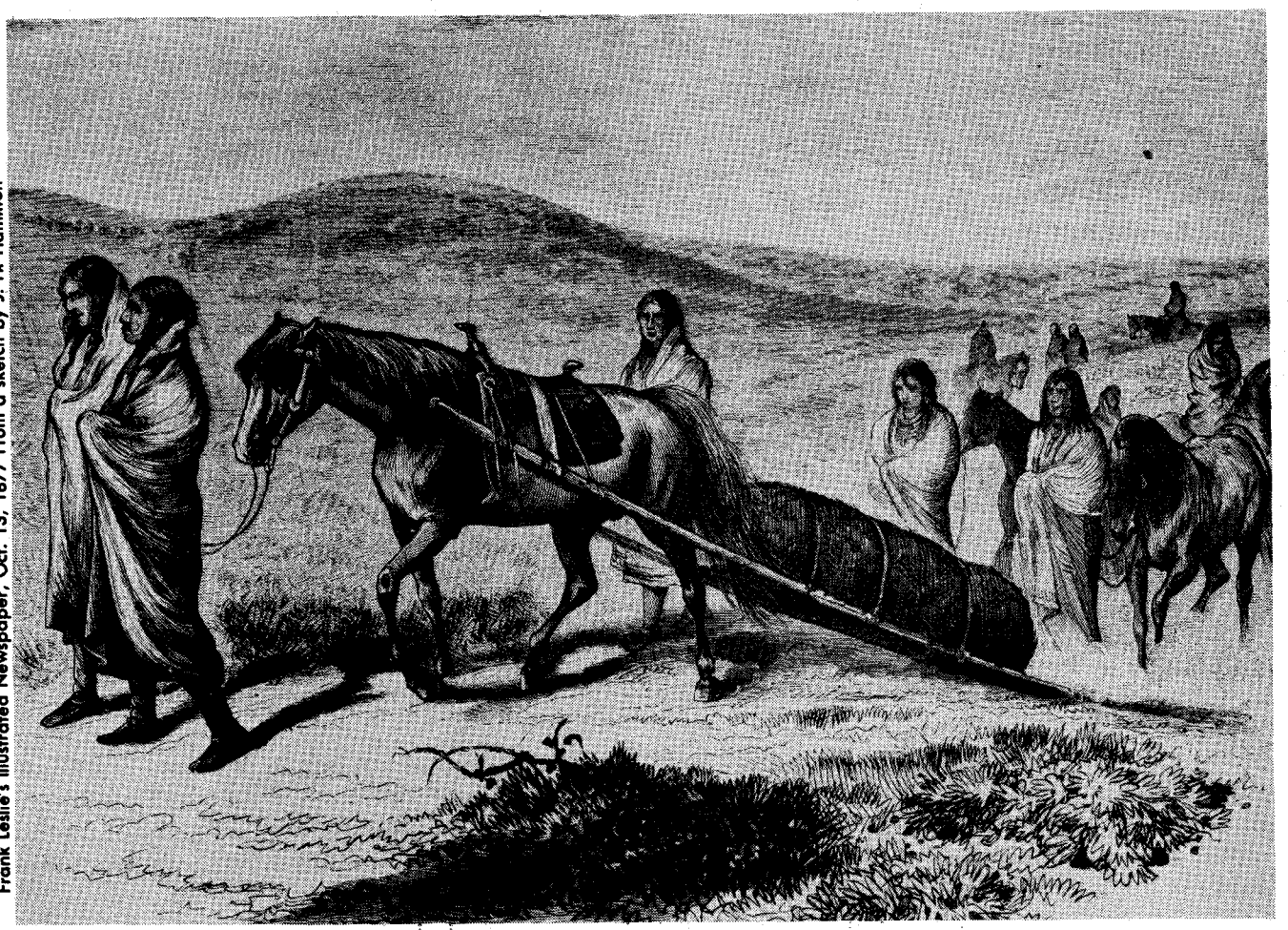
DEATH OF CRAZY HORSE



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Oct. 13, 1877 From a sketch by J. H. Hamilton

The funeral procession passing through Camp Sheridan on the way to the grave.

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 13, 1877.

Crazy Horse, an Ogallalla Sioux chief, after being at war with the whites for twelve years, surrendered, with his principal warriors, to General Crook at the Red Cloud Agency, Nebraska, on the 6th of May last. After his surrender, Crazy Horse lived peaceably in Nebraska, under military control. He was, however, closely guarded against any attempt at rescue by the dog-soldiers and his band. On September 5th, information was received that he and his warriors were about to decamp and join Sitting Bull, with whom he was supposed to have been in secret communication. General Bradley immediately took precautions against the threatened flight. He had Crazy Horse conveyed to Red Cloud, whence he sent him to Sydney, the nearest railway station, with a view of sending him to Florida. On arriving at Sydney, Crazy Horse attempted to escape while being disarmed. He drew a knife and wounded Little-Big-Man, one of his own chiefs, in the arm. In the affray, Crazy Horse received a bayonet-stab in the side, from which he died in a few hours.

The remains were delivered to his friends after his death, and the usual preparations made for the Indian burial. The commanding officer at Camp Sheridan furnished the best coffin the quartermaster's department could turn out. This was elevated about three feet above the ground by means of a rude scaffold, an unusually low grave for an Indian, many of whom sleep their last in the tops of trees. Here, upon an exposed mound or bluff, not far from the Agency, repose the remains of the famous Minneconjoux, who is said to have taken the scalps of thirty whites with his own hands. To secure him immunity from fatigue and *cactus*, and enable him to outstrip his enemies in journeying through the happy hunting-grounds, his favorite war-pony was led to his grave and there slaughtered. In his coffin were placed costly robes and blankets to protect him from the colds, a pipe and some tobacco, a bow and quiver of arrows, a carbine and pistol, with an ample supply of ammunition, sugar, coffee, and hard bread, and an assortment of beads and trinkets with which to captivate the nut-brown maids of Paradise.

The dancing began in all the villages, this being an exhibition of grief as well as gladness, and was kept up throughout the night and following day. Eight of the chief mourners, stripped to the skin and most fantastically besmeared with paint, were left without food or drink to guard the corpse and do the howling for the friends. All Sioux, whatever sex or age, in passing the elevated grave, for several days after the funeral, prostrated themselves and joined in the lamentation. ● **RW**

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

KERMIT MAYNARD

By Mario A. DeMarco

I believe that few western fans realize that Kermit Maynard was the younger brother of Ken Maynard — perhaps they never grasped this fact because Kermit never reached the height of stardom that Ken had achieved as a western movie great. Yet, in my opinion, Kermit was the more "natural actor" in front of the cameras, and he also had more personality. Another fact (and I'll probably receive mail on this) is that Kermit was the better rider and performed more daring stunts on horseback. Let's explore this statement and determine why. Ken was doing movie work longer than Kermit — in fact, Ken summoned his younger brother to Hollywood. He ended up doing the dangerous stunts for Ken and other leading western stars at the time. Looking over their great rodeo careers, the "World's Champion Cowboy - 1920-1922 and the "National Trick Riding" championship, while Kermit captured the "World's Champion Trick and Fancy Rider" title. Although I have compared these two great riding daredevils in their skills, both provided vast and exciting entertainment for the millions of western fans who followed them throughout their great careers.

Kermit was born on September 20, 1902 in Mission, Texas. He learned to ride at an early age and became an expert horseman. He enrolled at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana and studied to be an engineer. While at school he was an excellent athlete and was the star halfback on the grid team. Upon graduating he found employment at the Hormel Meat Company as a claims agent. At this time, older brother Ken was making a name for himself at First National Studios. In 1927 Ken sent a telegram to Kermit, asking him to come to Hollywood where he could find plenty of work and excitement as a western actor. Kermit did so, and he became a stuntman for his brother and other leading western stars of the time. A few years later, after he had learned the "ropes" as an actor, he became a supporting player at F.B.O. Studios. At this time he was using "Tex" as his first name. Rayart Company signed him on as a leading star in 1930, and Kermit was happy doing the work he liked best.

At the time when the movie industry was going full swing into "talkies" and many of the greats were losing their jobs as "stars", Kermit, when not acting, was doing stunt work and keeping pretty busy. In 1931 Kermit received a lead role in a serial entitled *Phantom of the West*, which starred Tom Tyler. Believe it or not, he even doubled for Tyler in this one.

Ambassador Pictures was looking for an action star and signed the trim, athletic-looking Kermit, and for several years he starred in fast-action pictures and really gave the fans their movie's worth. While competing in Salinas, California at a national rodeo, Kermit won overall competition and walked away with the title of "World's Champion Trick and Fancy Rider", an honor which greatly helped him in his career.

The following year, Ambassador signed him up to do a series on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (which I consider the best series of his career). The stories were beautifully done and the outdoor settings were in the great Northwest. Kermit proved that he could provide thrills along with good acting. Like all great western stars at the time, Kermit included his intelligent and beautiful horse "Rocky" in the movie credits.

A short time later, a new phase in westerns came along, the "singing cowboys". Kermit, who relied on action, couldn't very well turn to singing, so he gradually dropped off as a leading star and turned to character acting and stunt work. In the 40's you could find Kermit as a villain opposite many of the leading western stars in studios such as Columbia, Republic, and Monogram, that were concentrating on westerns. He was over 55 years of age when he called it quits as a stunt man, and became a full-fledged character actor.

He managed to star in over 20 action-packed western pictures, and loyal fans will always remember his great riding and the daring stunts he performed.

Kermit, at one time, was a representative of the Screen Actors' Guild, and our stunt men of today can credit him with improving the conditions under which stunt men perform.

He passed away on January 16, 1971 at his home in North Hollywood. ●RW

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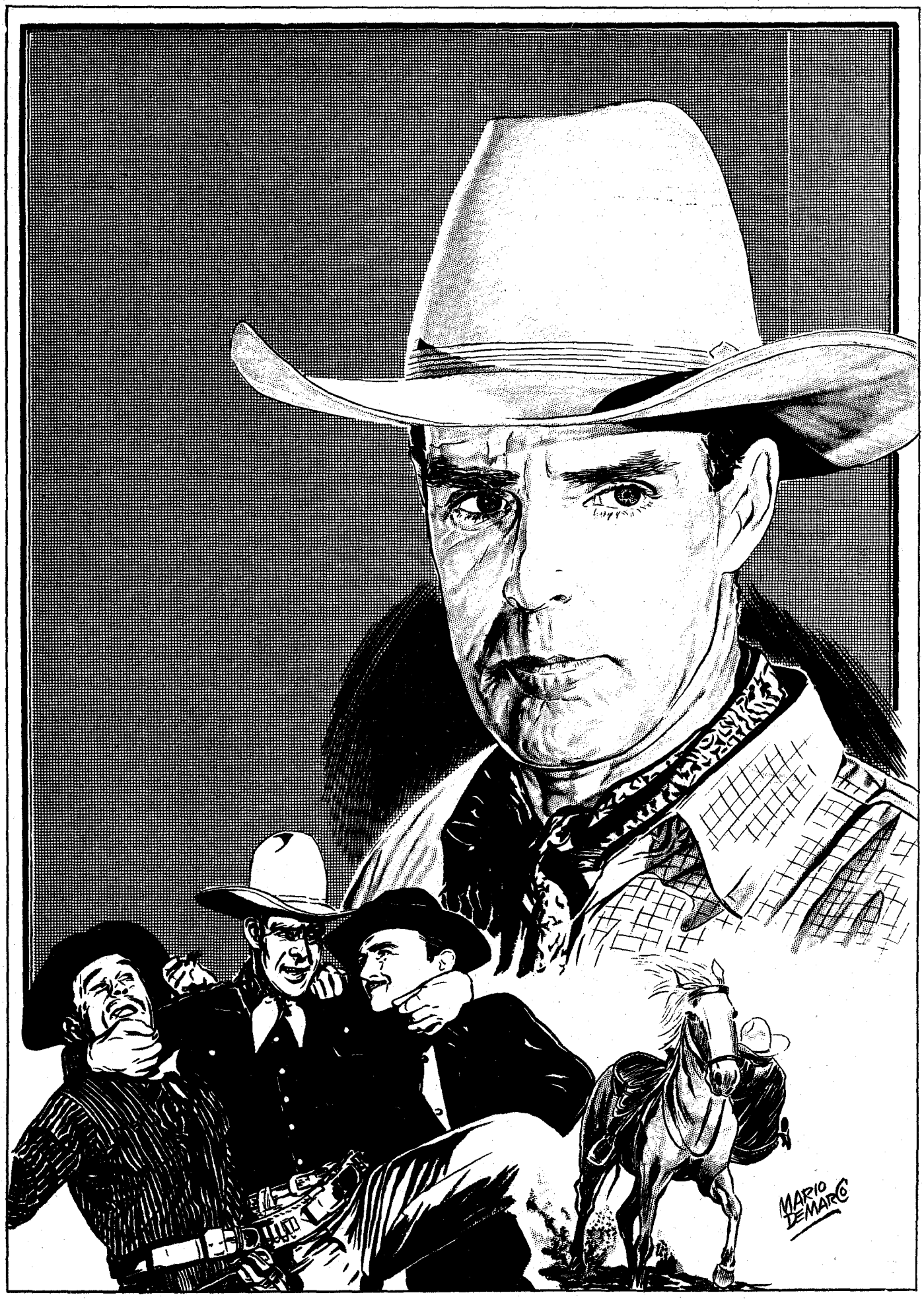

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HORSE THIEF DELUXE

By Carl W. Breihan

"Dutch Henry" Born, the Army Scout who turned to horse dealing, believed in getting his merchandise at bargain prices. He didn't pay anything and he put horse stealing on an organized basis. The biggest horse thief of them all was finally arrested but the case was dismissed for lack of evidence.

Fluffy snowflakes drifted down on the bleak Washita valley and a cold moon slid down the sky. Shivering men clung to the cheekstraps of shuffling mounts, stomping numb feet, nerves wire-taut, waiting.

"Pass the word to mount!" It rustled down the sets, mouth to mouth.

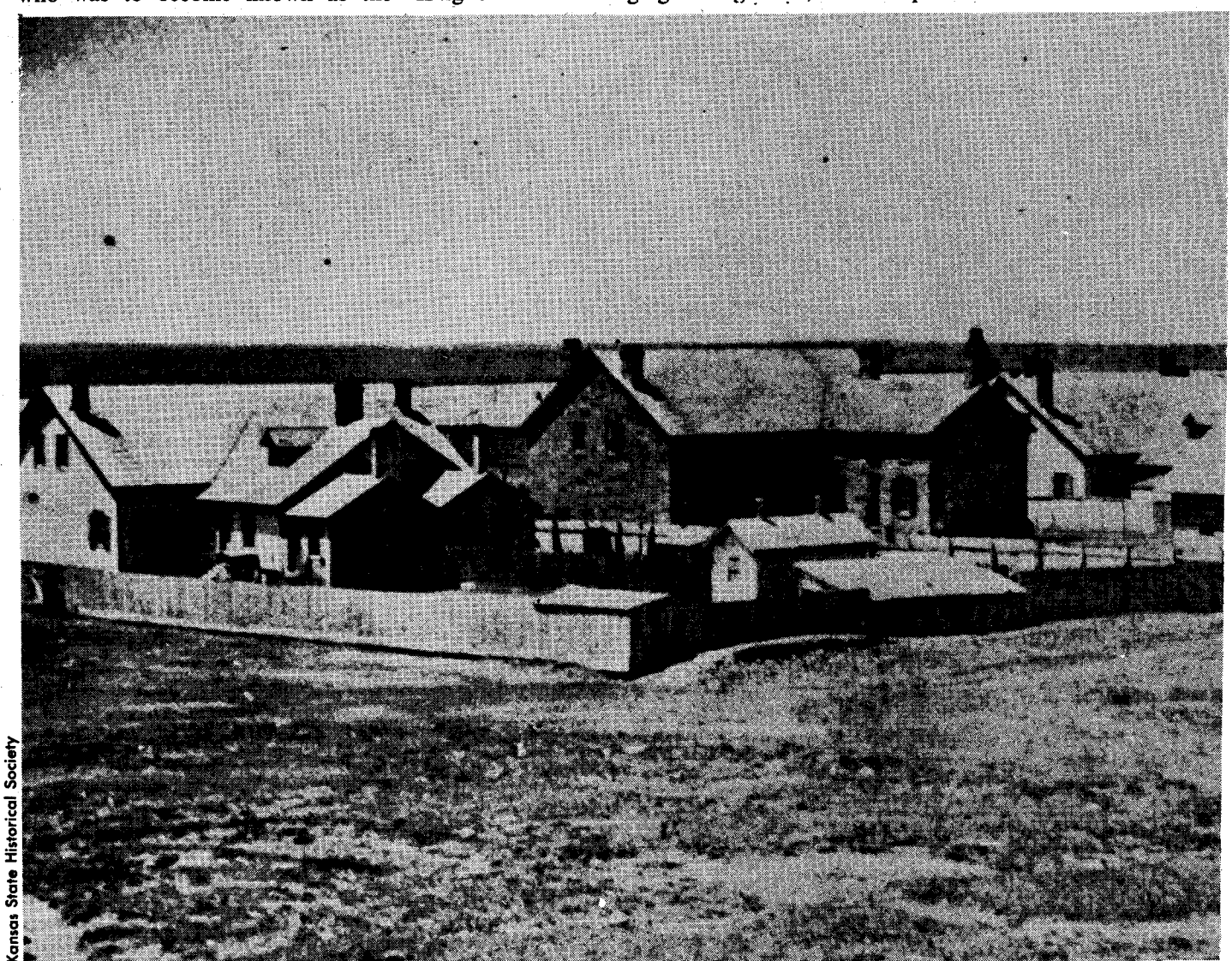
Colonel Custer's saber rasped clear. "Uncover the standards and guidons! Fly them! Sergeant Vinatiori, sound off!"

A voice in broken English was heard to rasp, "Vat in hell's de matter vid the colonel? He wants us to freeze to death!" The speaker was Dutch Henry" Born, the man who was to become known as the "King of Horse Thieves." Before he could mutter another sound, the dawn was ripped alive to the brassy crash of the Seventh Cavalry's marching song, as the column cantered into movement ... it was November 27, 1868.

The sleeping Cheyenne village lay ahead, no guards posted as it was a peaceful encampment under the eadership of Chife Black Kettle. It was Sand Creek all over again. Then the air rocked to thundering hooves as the charge was sounded.

"Damn dat Custer!" Dutch Henry again muttered. "I vant noddin' to do with this."

Every lodge spewed screeching Cheyennes, stunned by the sudden unprovoked attack. They milled in panic, dodging flailing hoofs; crimson spurted as leaded sabers



Kansas State Historical Society

Fort Dodge, Kansas, 1879. Henry tried to enlist the assistance of the Commandant of Fort Dodge to track down some Indians who raided his corral, but he was turned down.

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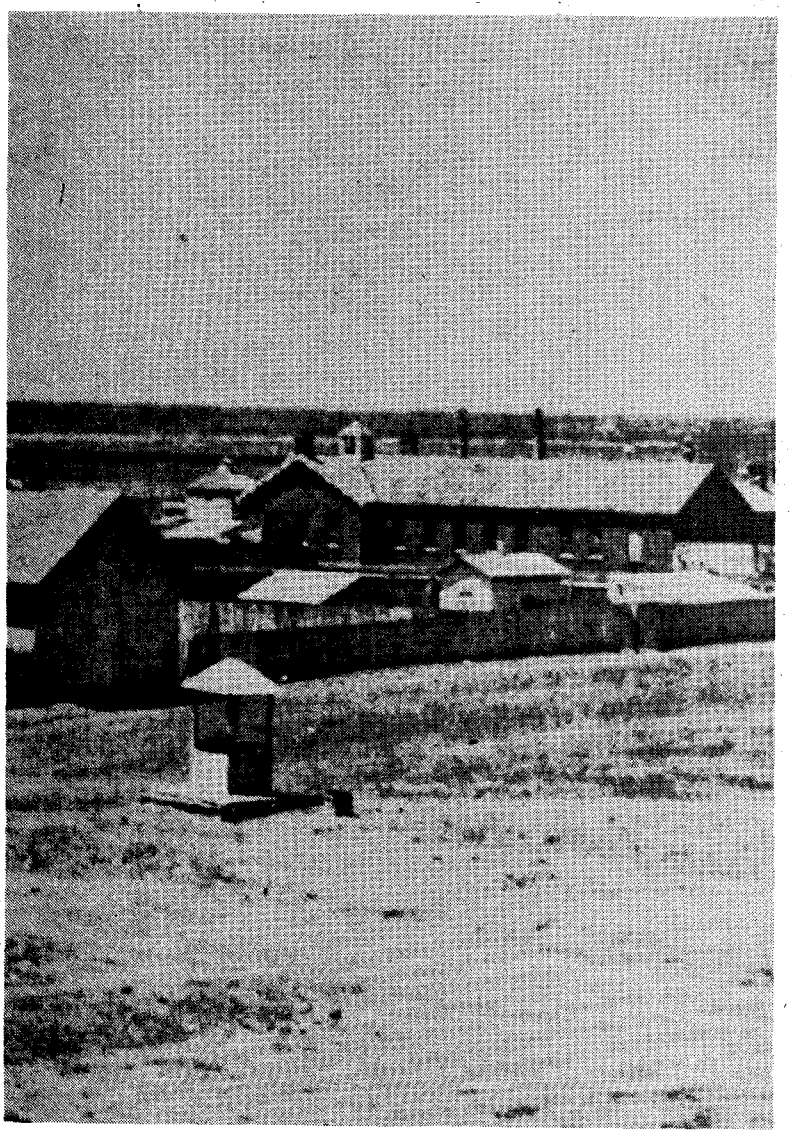
slashed with finality; heavy calibre slugs sank into red flesh like stones hurled into mud. The pitiless onslaught ignored sexes, although they were starkly apparent since Indians slept naked and few had time to dress.

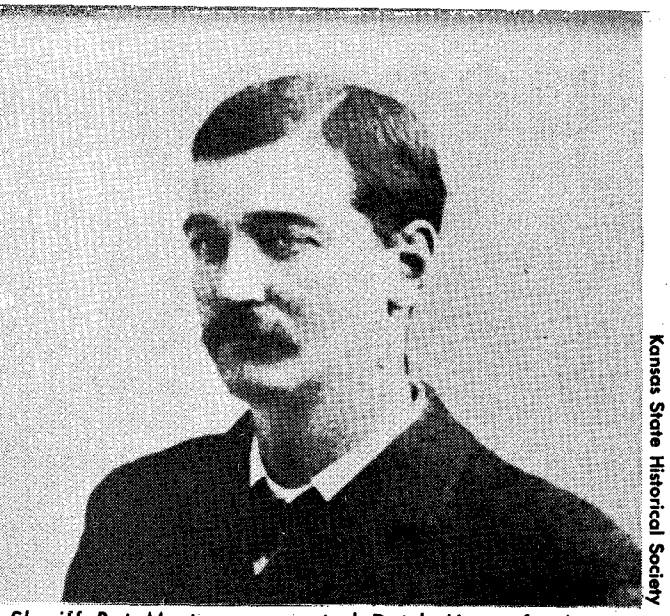
Captain Tom Custer yelled to cut down the squaws as one of them knifed his cheek; Captain Benteen shot a boy who tried to kill his horse. It was almost like a turkey shoot, yet the Indians managed to get in a few licks. Captain Hamilton was killed in the very act of cutting down a naked Indian girl; Captain Barnitz was wounded, then Lieutenant March. Rearing horses trampled old men and women to the ground. It was hellish, utter chaos.

Someone spied Chief Black Kettle on the run. Carbines spewed forth their leaden missiles of death. The grizzled chief spun and fell. There would be no more Sand Creeks or Washitas for him, and as the Indians said: "Nothing lives long but the moutains and rivers."

Like flushed grouse, nude Cheyennes fled south along the riverbank, followed by Major Elliott and fifteen men. They never returned. Their bodies were later found in some cottonwoods downstream, horribly mutilated. They had been cut off from Custer's main body of troops by a band of Cheyenne warriors who were returning to their camp.

Kansas tried to forget the horrible affair at Washita, and as Chivington had escaped punishment for his massacre of the Cheyennes at Sand Creek in Colorado, so did Custer escape rebuff for his slaughter at the Washita. The incident also started a mutual hatred between Custer





Kansas State Historical Society

Sheriff Bat Masterson arrested Dutch Henry for horse theft.

and Captain Benteen, a hatred that Custer's death at the Little Bighorn would warp into lies. Benteen told newsmen the truth about Major Joel Elliott's abandonment to Dog Soldier ferocity, while Indian agent Wynkoop reported that Custer had massacred friendly Cheyennes. It came to no avail.

The senseless attack upon the Cheyenne village preyed on Dutch Henry to such an extent that he quit his post as army scout. He was a quiet, unassuming individual of Dutch ancestry, who first came into public notice while serving as a scout attached to Colonel G. Armstrong Custer's Seventh United States Cavalry during the Indian campaigns of 1867-69.

Dutch Henry proved one of the most efficient and intrepid scouts attached to the command and was held in high esteem by Custer and his staff. It was also in the Seventh that his mixture of English and German caused him to be called "Dutch" Henry.

Following his scouting for the army, Henry became a buffalo hunter, a profession he followed for several years. In 1874 he accompanied the buffalo hunters gathered at Dodge City under A. C. Meyers into the treaty-protected lands of the Texas Panhandle. The treaty forbade the hunters from crossing the Arkansas River and intercepting the buffalo herds during their migratory journey north.

This invasion of the Indian territory brought about the famous fight which occurred at New Adobe Walls on June 27, 1874. Dutch Henry was one of those who fought in this epic battle beside the famous hero of the Buffalo Wallow Fight, Billy Dixon, and also beside Bat Masterson, who a few years later, while Sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, was to take Dutch Henry a prisoner of the law. The Indians were defeated in this fight with the buffalo hunters, and it was there that Billy Dixon made his famous rifle shot by knocking an Indian chief from his horse with a heavy bullet from a buffalo rifle at a distance of nearly a mile.

Dutch Henry returned to Dodge City, where he began a business of horse dealing. Horses were in great demand during this period and at times were a scarce commodity. Due to the Indian raids, many of the ranchers found themselves without horses; yet, Dutch Henry seemed always well supplied with choice mounts. Many people believed that most of his horses arrived at Henry's corrals without the consent of their owners. It was a dangerous game to play; the hangman's noose was the reward for most horse thieves, but Henry deliberately chose his career for the sole purpose of getting revenge against an army officer, whom he claimed had insulted him.

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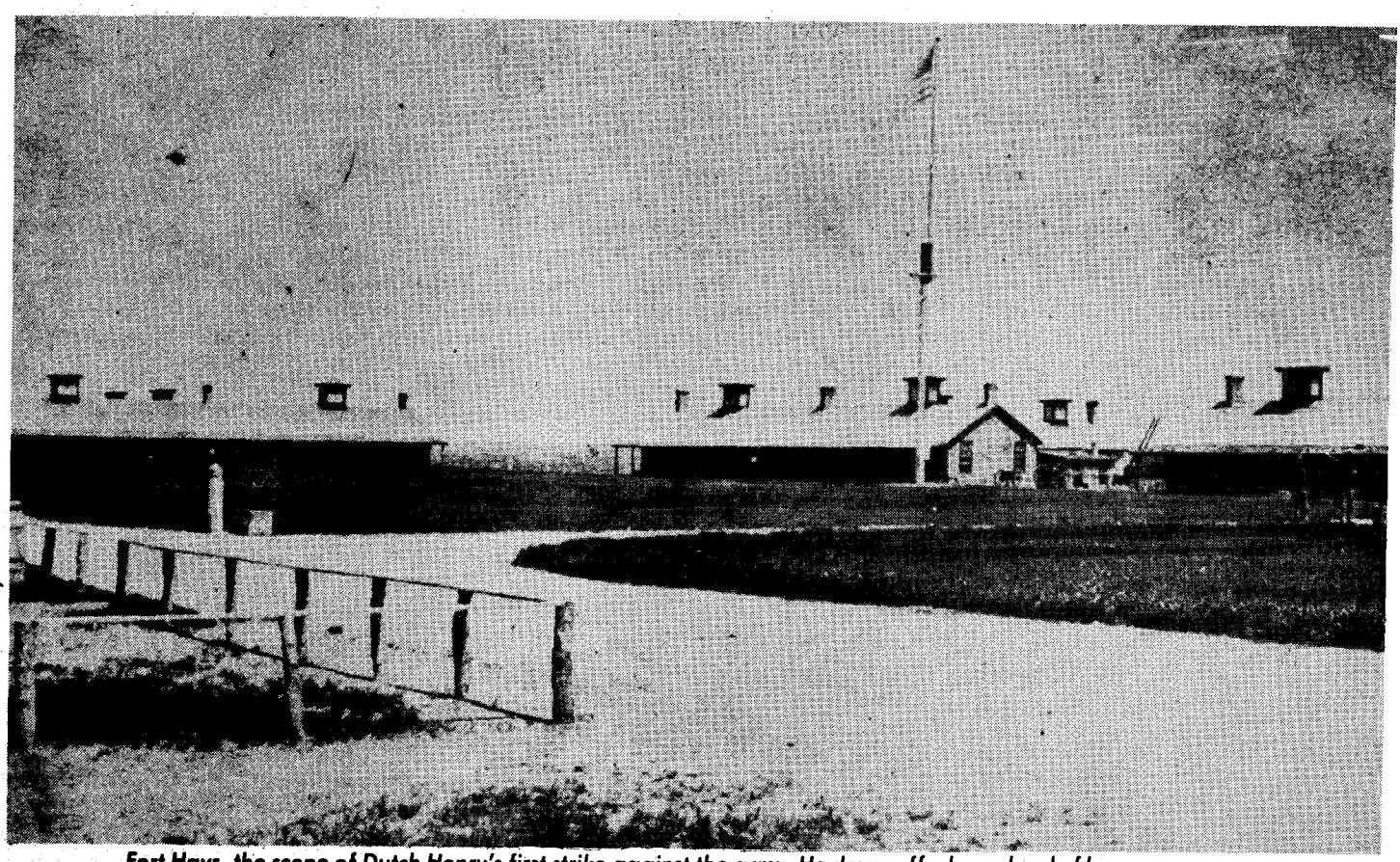

Kansas State Historical Society

Fort Hays, the scene of Dutch Henry's first strike against the army. He drove off a large herd of horses from here.

Several interesting stories are told of Henry and his classic horse sales. One day a prospective buyer approached Henry's corral to pick out a choice animal. After deciding which horse he wanted, he asked Henry, "How good is your title on this animal, Henry?"

"Vich vay you dravelin', mine friend?" Henry would ask as he raised an eyebrow.

"I'm headed west, why?"

"Vell, eff you dravels vest, den de title she's be goot, yah," Henry would smile.

Still another yarn was that a party in need of a horse visitied Dutch Henry, where, finding a choice animal, he decided to purchase it. Dutch, Henry, upon learning the direction the man intended to travel, shook his head and said, "Nine, dot hoss, I don' sell. Coom, I shows you von dot is besser for you."

During the winter of 1874-75 horse thieves ran rampant over Kansas. They raided the Round Topped A, a ranch located on the old cattle trail leading from Dodge City to Ogallala, Nebraska and which was operated by E.T. Webber & Company. Quickly organizing a posse, Webber and his men followed the trail toward Dodge City. A running fight followed and Ike Cramer, a notorious horse thief, was wounded, but all the rustlers succeeded in escaping.

"I'd swear that Dutch Henry was among those thieves," some of the possemen said. However, no real proof was forthcoming so Henry was allowed to continue his shady business. But the suspicion cast upon him hurt his business; local folks refused to patronize his establishment. So late in 1875 he decided to depart from "honest" business.

One evening Dutch Henry received a number of first-class Indian ponies, which he placed in his corral. The following morning he found the corral gate open and the compound empty. It was easy for Henry, an old army scout, to readily read the signs. A group of Indian marauders had run off every head of stock on the place. In a furious mood Henry started for Fort Dodge to enlist the aid of the soldiers in tracking down the thieves. The record shows that Dutch Henry was anything but civil when he addressed the commandant; had he been, his mission might have ended more favorably.

Oddly enough, the previous day, this same officer nad given audience to a delegation of Indians who had come to report a large band of their best ponies stolen. They claimed they had trailed the animals to Dodge City where they found them in Dutch Henry's corral. Unable to produce proof of ownership to the ponies, the Indians had apparently acted in their own way.

"You assert the Indians are thieves, but it appears to me it is a case of 'The kettle calling the pot black' ", the officer informed Henry. "If you can produce a clean bill of sale for those animals, I'll act in your behalf; if you cannot, I'll have no part in the matter."

Dutch Henry ranted and raved to such an extent that the officer had to have him forcibly ejected from the post. Henry shook his fist at the officer as he yelled out, "In de future, I'll steal every government horse and mule, as vell as Indian ponies dat I can put my hands on."

Returning to Dodge City, Henry wasted no time in winding up his affairs, and within a few days he left town. Of course, the commandant at Fort Dodge had placed little stock in what Henry had yelled out. Many animals were stolen in those days from ranchers, Indians, and travelers, but no one had ever dared to molest government horses. The officer failed to realize how stubborn and vindictive Dutch Henry could be when aroused. He soon realized that it had been no idle boast.

With methodical routine Henry established a system by which horses

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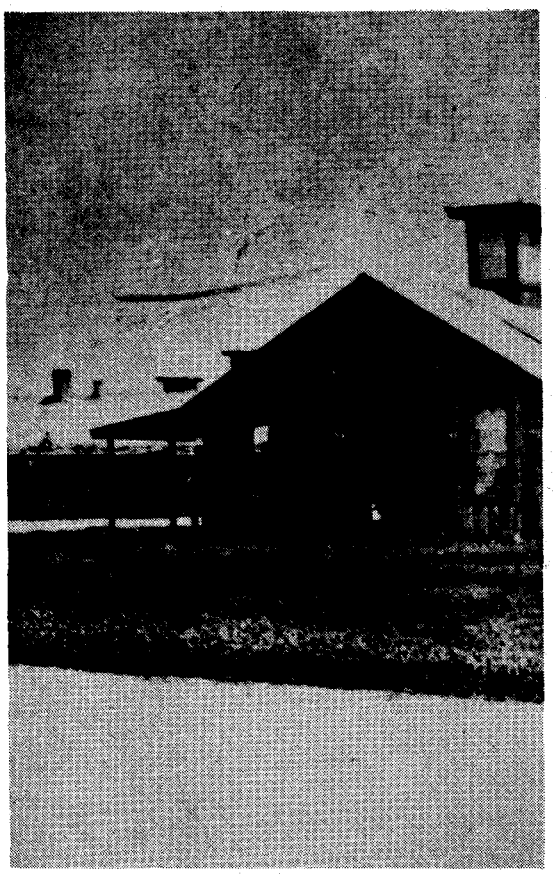


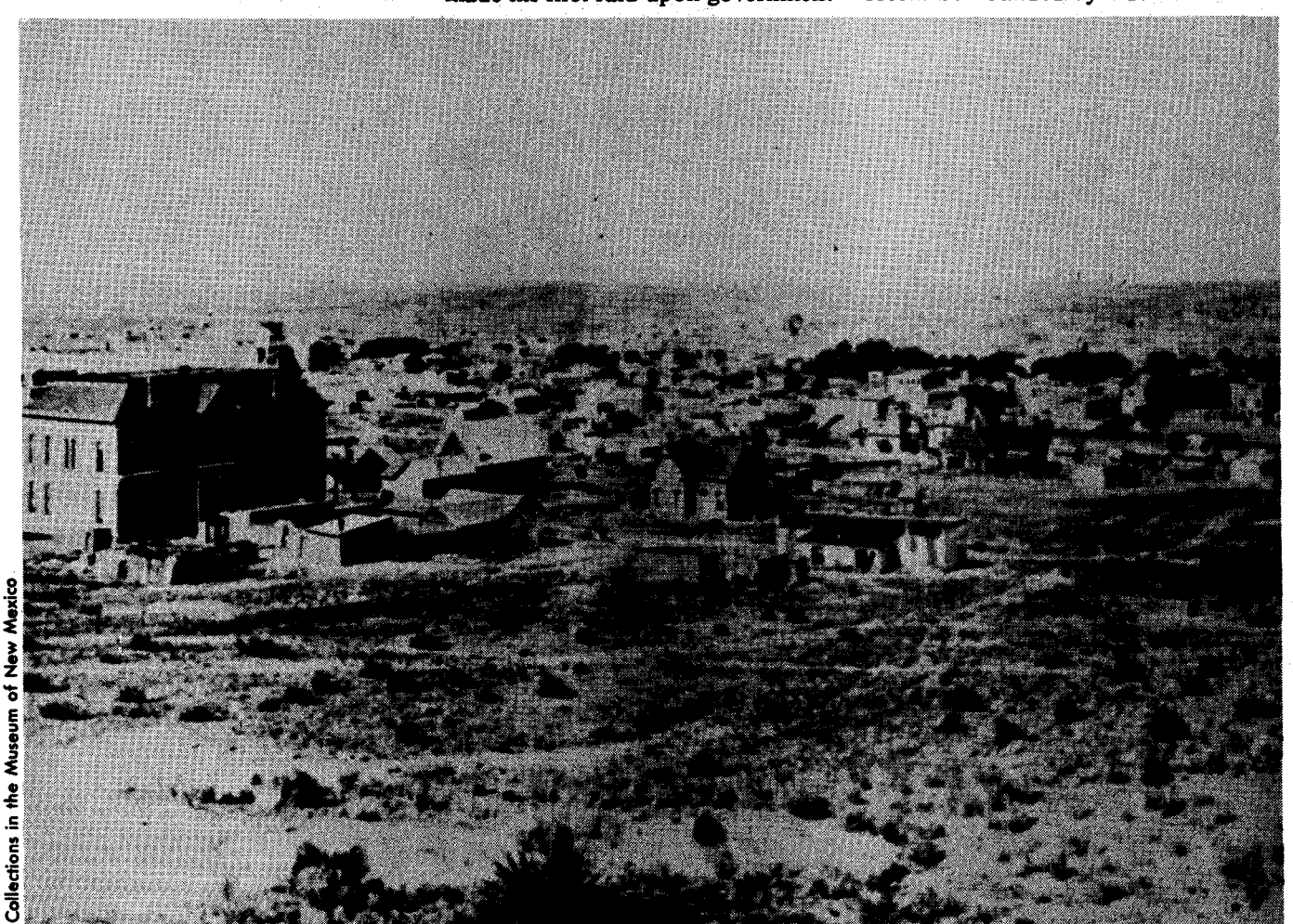
stolen from one part of the country could be moved to a distant section for disposal. His previous activities enabled him to contact nearly all other operators in this business. As time passed, even the most noted of the fraternity came under Henry's banner; it no longer was a "hit and run" business of stealing small bands of horses here and there and disposing of them many miles distant. Dutch Henry's organized crime ring now simply turned their stolen animals over to one of his agents and then, afterwards, collected their share of the sale.

Henry's organization was comprised to both active and associate members, the latter taking no actual part in stealing horses but acting as underground agents. Many of these were small ranchers or settlers who, for a share of the profits, would shelter bands of horses brought in by rustlers. They sometimes acted as decoys by throwing pursuing posses off the trail.

Dutch Henry eventually had his stations established from Colorado to the Mexican border, and recruiting men to operate his system, he made his first raid upon government stock. He first struck at Fort Hays, Kansas, where a large band of horses and mules was driven off. The raiders then appeared at Fort Elliot, Texas and drove off a number of valuable saddle horses. The soldiers were still searching for the outlaws when the wily Dutchman and his men raided in the vicinity of Las Vegas, New Mexico. Still another raid followed at Fort Sedgwick, located on the Overland Trail, hundreds of miles from Las Vegas.

Henry was carrying out his threat against the army with a keen vengeance, but he and his men also raided the corrals of the ranchers and business people until no man's horse was safe. He became such a menace that everyone in the territory was crying for his scalp. To steal a man's cattle was bad enough, but to steal his only means of conveyance in a wild, unsettled, and dangerous country was something else.

In the latter part of 1876, Henry's ring suffered its first real defeat. "Chubby" Jones, one of his lieutenants, and eight of his men were captured on the Lower Sweetwater Creek. Surrounded by a detachment



Collections in the Museum of New Mexico

Silver City, New Mexico, one of Dutch Henry's hangouts.

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of soldiers, the men were ordered to surrender. However, they chose to fight it out, wounding the captain in the stomach. This so enraged the soldiers that they took the nine outlaws to a cottonwood tree and hanged them. Had the outlaws surrendered instead of fighting, there was a good chance they might have gotten off with a prison term, for soldiers certainly were not members of a lynching mob.

The loss of Chubby Jones was a great blow to Dutch Henry, as Jones had been in charge of the transfer of horses. Bands of stolen horses would be driven into Indian Territory, where they would be swapped for Texas horses. The Texas horses would be driven east and disposed of, while those stolen in Colorado and other parts would be sold to Texas buyers. As it was, Dutch Henry's time was running out. Several months after the death of Jones, Dutch Henry and twenty-eight of his men were in camp between Dodge City and Hays, when they were discovered by a passing cowboy.

Racing into Dodge City, the news of Born's whereabouts was quickly spread about town. Emanuel Dobbs sent an urgent message to the authorities at Hays City, "Round up a possee and head toward Dodge, possee leaving here at once to attack Dutch Henry gang." Upon receipt of the wire, the citizens of Hays City likewise organized a posse and set out for Dodge City.

George A. Custer with General Pleasonton. Dutch Henry did not approve of General Custer's tactics at the Washita massacre.

When the outlaws saw the Dodge City posse bearing down upon their camp, they turned tail and ran, fleeing toward Hays City. Suddenly they found themselves caught between two fires, for the other posse was now converging upon the outlaw band. It was every man for himself. Tom Owens, one of the most desperate of the lot, fell riddled from the saddle. Dutch Henry was hit six times but managed to outrun the possemen's tired horses. He escaped to Texas, where he remained until he recovered from his wounds. Under date of August 6, 1878, the Dodge City *Globe* carried this article, "Dutch Henry is again on his old stamping grounds south of Dodge."

Silver City, Trinidad, and Cimarron were favorite hangouts for Dutch

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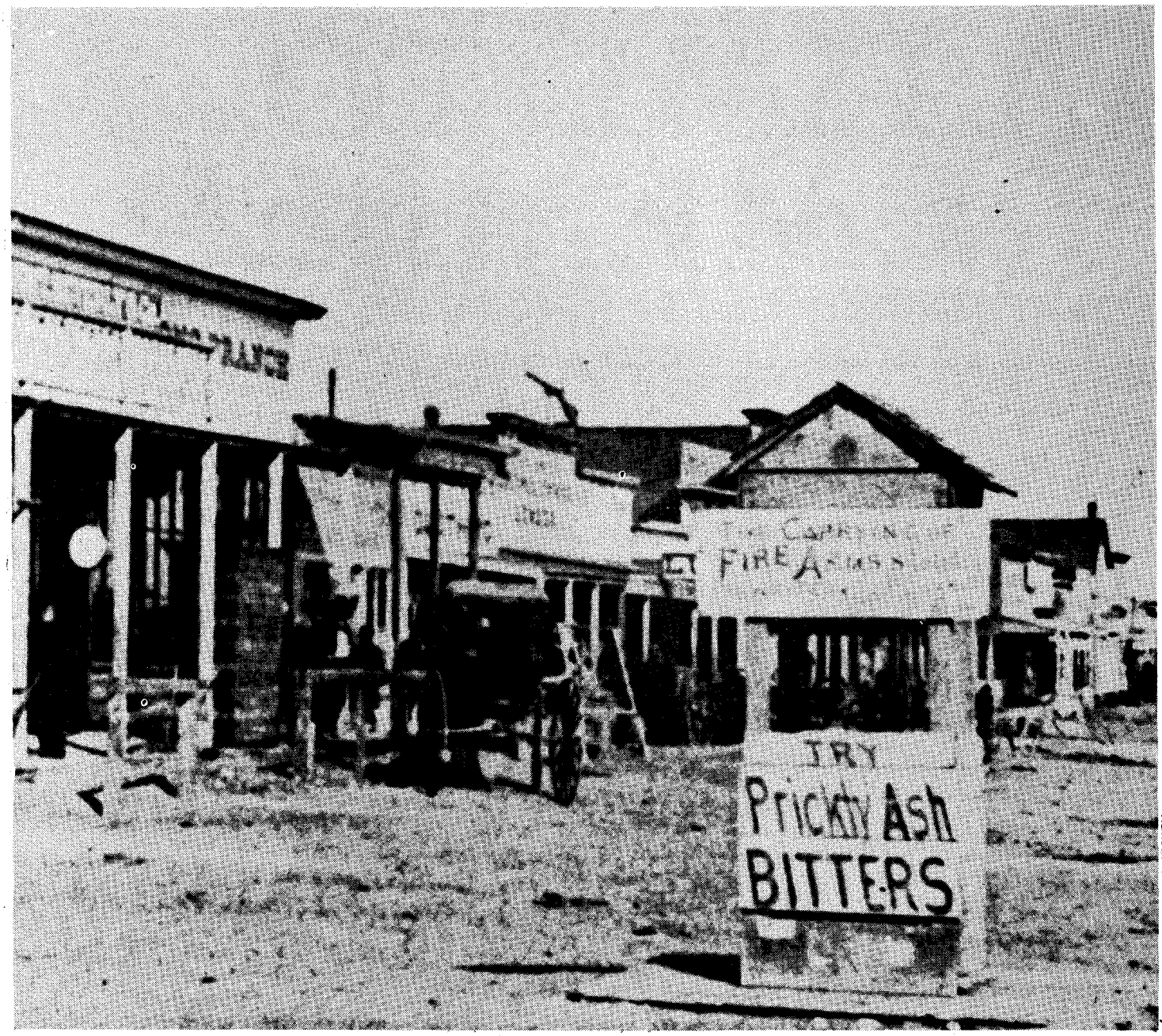

Kansas State Historical Society

Front Street, Dodge City. It was in Dodge City that Dutch Henry began his business of horse stealing.

Henry. With the coming of 1878, word was received as to his whereabouts. While Henry had taken to the outlaw trail, his old friend, Bat Masterson, had become sheriff of Ford County, Kansas. Several warrants against Dutch Henry were still gathering dust in Bat's office, so when he learned that the king of horse thieves was in Trinidad, Colorado, it was his duty to bring him in.

"Hate to do this, Henry, but it's my duty," Bat told Henry.

"Dot's alright," grinned Henry.

Dutch Henry was returned to Dodge City where he was placed on trial for horse stealing. However, not one witness appeared against him. The Indians were on the reservations and the army personnel had been shifted; with no one to appear against him, he was released of all charg due to insufficient evidence.

Henry told the judge, "I'm even mit de army and de Indians, so I'll bury de hatchet, smoke der peace pipe and go straight."

Many years later, Emanuel Dobbs, then Judge of Wheeler County, Texas, had a visitor. It was Dutch Henry, and he freely admitted he had stolen horses from the army and from the Indians but claimed never to have taken an animal from a "white man."

Dutch Henry dropped into oblivion after that visit. Some claimed he had struck a rich claim near Creede, Colorado and later sold it for a good profit. Early in 1900 a soft-spoken little man purchased a piece of land adjoining the San Juan River near Wolf Creek Pass in New Mexico. On his land he built a small but substantial cabin and started a fish hatchery. He spoke to no one of his past; to all he was simply known as Henry. In his mountain retreat he dwelled until 1935 when he passed away. He was buried in a small cemetery located near Wolf Creek Canyon, and on his headstone appears these simple words: "Henry Born, departed this life, 1935."

Few people realize that beneath that simple stone rests the remains of Dutch Henry, the king of horse thieves, and the man who had dared to defy the United States Government and who made good his threat to steal as many of its horses as he could. The records of history fail to report anyone his equal in this particular profession. ● **RW**

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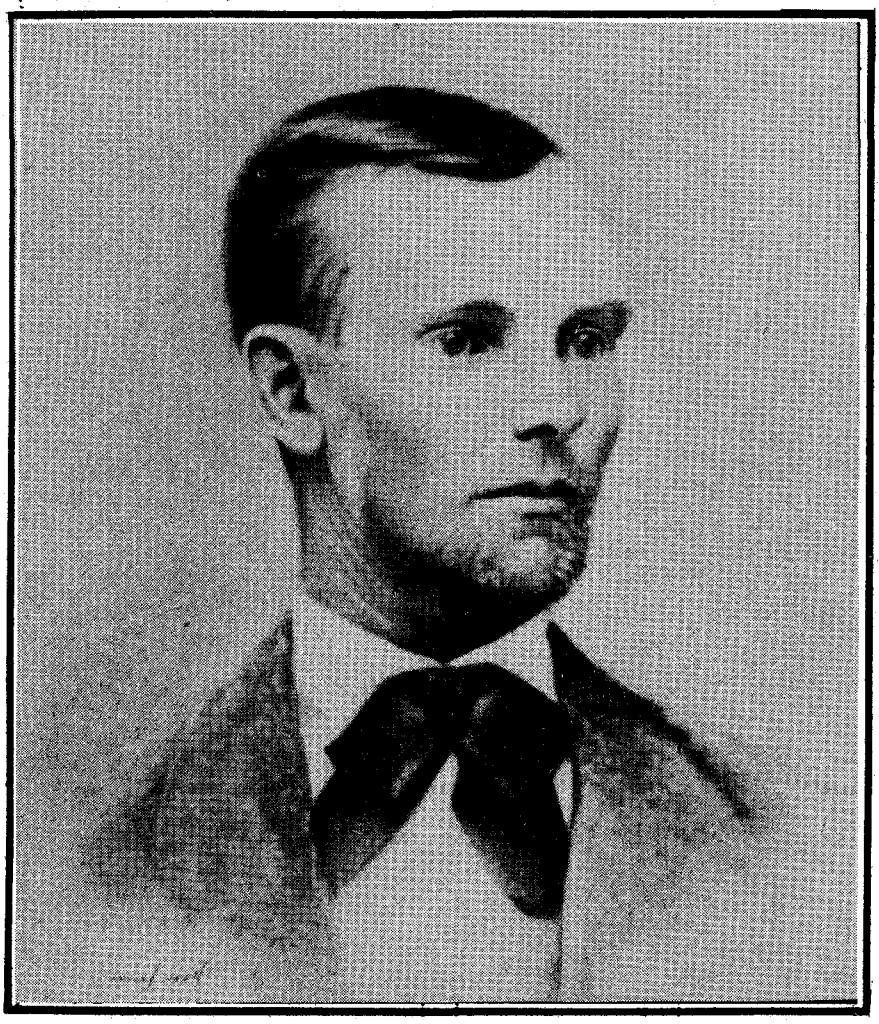
A TIME TO REMEMBER

By Jesse W. James
(Reincarnated)



Pinkerton Detective Agency

Jesse James

In this modern age of rapid transit, instant communication and sophisticated crime, the Old West — with its own peculiar way of life as we knew it — often seems distant and unreal.

I remember my own life-span as a time of uncertainty: happiness and sorrow; loneliness and love; and a restless quest for the peace of mind and contentment of spirit that I so desperately sought and never found until that fateful morning in St. Joseph when I met my destiny in the form of a death shot from the cowardly hand of a hired assassin.

That unwarranted act of cruelty marked the end of a long and bitter struggle, a conflict which was not — as some have contended — a case of The People vs. Jesse James, but rather a pitiless contest between two opposing ways of life.

On the one side were the monied interests: the banks, the railroad companies, and other land-grabbing vultures who seized every opportunity to fatten their purses at the expense of their less fortunate fellow Americans. They were aided in their greedy endeavors by the army, by a few corrupt lawmen, and by a group of miserable misfits who banded together as the Pinkerton Detective Agency.

On the other side — and destined to lose — were the poor fools who stood in the way of "progress," and whose only crimes were wanting to keep what was theirs and protecting their own.

Even before the South was forced to fight for its very existence in that mindless mayhem which was misnamed the "Civil War, renegades were already on the rampage.

Following the early example of the railroad barons, urged on by land-hungry backers and protected by paid-off lawmen, bands of marauders from Kansas swarmed into Missouri slaughtering unarmed citizens, raping defenseless women, plundering for silver and gold, and driving immense herds of cattle and horses back across into Kansas. Many of the human vultures remained behind and conducted a bloody reign of terror throughout the state.

Eventually the outraged citizens of Missouri were forced to retaliate, at about the same time the Sons of Secessia were obliged to take up arms in defense of Home and Family.

I was a young boy at the time, but the sights and sounds of the war-torn world around me filled me with fear and a burning anger and shocked me into early maturity and youthful manhood.

Then the ever-present storm clouds of fear and terror broke suddenly and swiftly over our home and family. That was the day the Bluebellies rode up and began bullying us, wanting to know where Frank was and threatening to kill us all. Unable to find out anything, they tied me up and horsewhipped me, hanged my stepfather, and rode off, shouting obscenities and vowing to return.

What they tied up and whipped was a badly frightened young boy with the twin devils of Fear and Weakness gnawing at his innards. What Mama untied was a full-grown man, with ice in his veins and a deathly resolution in his heart.

(continued on page 56)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

INDIAN TREATMENT OF DISEASE AND AILMENTS

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

Long before the arrival of the white man to this continent, the American Indian had many remedies to cure disease and treat ailments.

Cooking over an open fire, as the Indian did, there were many burns as well as scalds from boiling stew. The Indians in the tobacco-growing areas had a special remedy for burns. They made a strong concoction of tobacco which they placed in water, boiling it down from a quart to about a pint. The burn or scald was washed with this mixture, then dried tobacco was put on the wound. The seeds of the Jimson weed or the tulip tree were made into an ointment and were also used in treating burns and scalds.

The forest tribes used the bark of the elm, young pine, or the brasswood which they boiled in water and then applied to the burn or scald. The Catawbas placed fresh leaves of the Prairie dock on burns. The Kwakiutls and other tribes living along the Northwest Coast used raw liver, seal blubber or kelp leaves for treating burns and scalds.

Indians were skilled in treating fractures, sprains and dislocation of limbs. Some tribes had devised a kind of form-fitting splint. They also used a padding of wet clay or rawhide for support. The Ojibwa method was to wash a fracture with warm water, then grease it and apply a warm poultice of wild ginger and spikenard, then cover it with a cloth and bind the fracture with thin cedar splints. The Pimas made splints from the flat, elastic ribs of the giant cactus. The Mescalero Apaches would rub the dislocated part until it was warm, and with a quick jerk force the bone back into place. Herb medicine was rubbed on the dislocation to keep it from being too painful. It was then tied with a bandage.

In the case where a foot or knee was dislocated, and this often happened to a warrior when he was alone on a hunt, he crawled to the nearest tree, and tying one end of a rawhide thong to the tree and the other end to the dislocated limb, then lying on his back, he would pull with all his strength until the bone slipped back into place. In many cases this worked. The Cheyenne Indians used bearberry for sprained backs. This was both applied to the back and also taken internally.

Indians living in the cold climates often suffered from frostbite, and for this they used either animal or vegetable oil to grease themselves. This would help protect the body from the bitter cold and was done from the time of birth. The grease would fill the pores and this made the Indian better able to endure the weather. In the case of frostbite, the resin of the sappine was applied to the frozen part and this gave some relief. The Indian tribes living around the Great Lakes area made a decoction of the leaves of sumac and roots of several other plants, one being the gold thread. This was applied to the frozen part.

Insect and snake bites were common. In the case of an insect bite, plants of the mint family were used for relief. To repel fleas the Rappahannock and other Indians of Virginia kept dried pennyroyal leaves in the home. The juice of this plant was used to rid the Indian of attacks by deer ticks, while the dittany was used to repel the horsefly. Bear oil was used to repel bugs and mosquitoes.

When an Indian was bitten by a poisonous spider, the venom was sucked out of the wound, then various herbs were applied. Poisonous reptiles were numerous throughout the country, and the first Americans were well versed in how to treat snakebite. Snake root and fern root were two of the several plants the Indian used in treating these bites. At times the Indian would kill the offending snake, then cut it up and apply the snake flesh to the wound. The snake was believed to carry the antidote in its own fat. If the snake escaped, a substitute for its flesh was used, which could be any kind of greasy substance. Among other remedies were salt brine, and a decoction of buds of the white ash.

Many Indians became infected will poison ivy, and for this they used the leaves of the jewelweed and other herbal remedies. The early Indian was usually free of skin disease; eczema or any kind of itch was not common among them until after contact with the white man. To cure themselves of the itch, they drank a decoction of the copal or sweet-gum tree for ten days. The Omahas applied the crushed leaves and stems of the touch-me-not to the skin to cure the itch. Ringworm was cured by the sap of the red mulberry or the sap of the fresh milkweed, the latter was also used to get rid of warts.

When the Indians hemorrhaged, they used several things to stop it, such as herbal, animal or mineral substances. Among the Mohegan, Kwakiutls and Mescalero Apaches, spiderwebs were used to arrest bleeding. The spores or pulverized head of various kinds of puffballs were used by the Mohegan, Meskwakis, Ojibwas and various Plains tribes.

Among many of the Great Lakes tribes, bleeding of the mouth was stopped by a decoction of pulverized sumac leaves and berries mixed with roots. This was probably used as an astringent. The Cherokee used a plaster of buzzard-down to control bleeding. Nosebleed did not seem common among the Indian, but when it did occur, the San Carlos Apaches stopped it by taking cold water into the nose or applying it by hand to the forehead, or by stuffing the nostril with a soft material.

Arrow wounds, and later gunshot wounds, were common among all Indians, and they treated these very effectively. When an Indian was wounded by arrow or bullet, the medicine man would first suck the wound and spit out the blood, then an

(continued on page 58)

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Mystery Of THE SKELETON IN THE MEADOW

By T. W. PATERSON

The skeleton was found in a shallow pool of water in a field north of Victoria, British Columbia. Much later, it was identified as being that of Joseph Baker and the police were sure they had apprehended the murderer. But getting a conviction wasn't as simple as they thought!

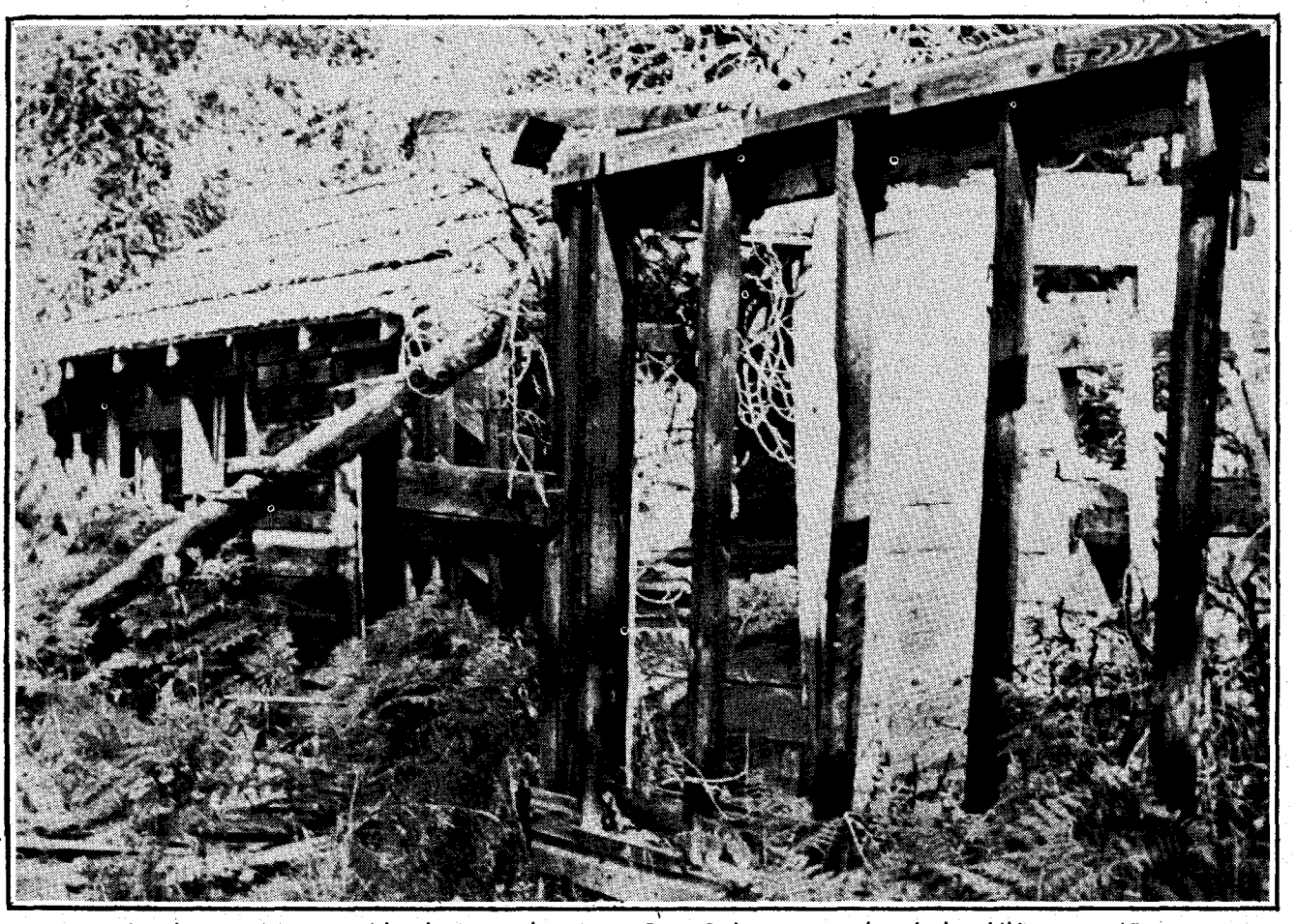

Photo by author

Leechtown, Vancouver Island, now a ghost town. Capt. Baker was murdered when hiking out to Victoria, a century ago.

It was hot, that mid-August afternoon in 1869, when the two hunters made their gruesome find in a shallow pool beside the Goldstream Road, north of Victoria, British Columbia.

Surprisingly, neither man (only one of whom was identified as a Mr. Porter) seemed to be unduly alarmed by their discovery, merely noting that the skeleton, undoubtedly human, lay in several inches of water "half a mile beyond Langford Lake and about a stone's throw from the Goldstream Road."

And with that casual observation, both men had continued on their way, Porter exerting himself, the next day, to the effort of dispatching his son to the scene with a shovel. Young Porter returned home to report that he had poked about the pool with his spade, uncovering several more bones, the remains being "greatly decayed, and the

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bones, in places, destitute of flesh." The face, reported the son, was "quite gone."

And that was that! At least for some weeks, Porter and neighbors were apparently too busy with their harvesting to concern themselves with a skeleton in a meadow; when he and several other settlers visited the scene one Sunday, they observed that the pool had dried up, that wolves or hogs had scattered the bones "far and near."

Reported the Victoria *Colonist* (upon finally hearing of the incident): "There were no shreds of clothing, or hair to be found anywhere — nothing, in fact, to furnish the faintest clue to the identification of the remains, and the bones were finally collected and buried. Whether the bones are those of some poor demented wretch who strayed away from his keepers and perished miserably from starvation (not an altogether unheard-of occurrence in that unenlightened age), whether they are those of a self-immolated victim; or whether they constitute the evidence of 'murder most foul,' may never be known; but from the condition of the remains when found, it is inferred that they were instinct with life not many weeks ago.

"Who has lost a friend?"

Despite the casual attention paid to the tragedy by settler Porter and neighbors, plus the fact that animals had ravaged the remains (finally buried), at least one man decided that a solution to the mystery should at least be attempted. If nothing else, Officer Bob McMillan of the colonial police *almost* accomplished the impossible.

The day after the discovery of the skeleton was reported in the newspaper — three weeks after it was found by Porter and companion — it was revealed that a young man had left Victoria three weeks before. Carrying his rifle and "intending to enjoy a bit of shooting en route," he headed for Cowichan. But, his alarmed friends had since learned, he had not arrived and had not returned to town. Had his remains been found at Goldstream?

By this time the tragedy had become popularly known as the Langford Lake Mystery, Victorians eagerly speculating as to what had happened — and to whom — near lonely Goldstream, as Magistrate A. F. Pemberton and Dr. J. S. Helmcken returned from Langford with the exhumed remains. But Helmcken's cursory examination of the pitiful collection of bones revealed little, the only concrete conclusion he could draw being that the dead man had been Caucasian.

It was reported, however, that several settlers in the Langford Lake-Goldstream district recalled having been approached, the previous spring, by a man who had said he was seeking a missing friend who had set out for Victoria from Leechtown, days before, but who had not reached town.

Once back in town, Dr. Helmcken had been able to examine the remains more thoroughly. Although it had been stated that "not a vestige of clothing was found," Officer McMillan had uncovered definite evidence of a "horrible murder!" For among the few effects recovered were a vest, a pair of drawers, and various other undisclosed articles of clothing. It was the vest which aroused the most interest due to the fact that it was in a poor state of repair — the material being marred by four holes — two in the front and two corresponding holes in the back. The suspicious officer immediately concluded that they had been caused by bullets.

Making the find all the more important was the fact that the vest had been readily identified as having been that of a Nova Scotian miner named Capt. Joseph Baker, "one of the Williamson Tunnel Company," who had last been seen heading south from Leech River, on the Goldstream Road, almost a year before.

And if the holes in the vest were not conclusive evidence of foul play, the circumstances of McMillan's find almost certainly were: The clothing, whether or not it had belonged to Capt. Baker, had been hidden under a log, not far from the skeleton.

British Columbia archives

Dr. J. S. Helmcken. He examined the skeleton in the meadow.

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Capt. Baker, it was reported, had been carrying up to $50 in gold dust when he started hiking out from Leech River, "and was undoubtedly murdered. The fullest investigation will be had into the circumstances attending this horrible affair."

The *Colonist* had then editorialized upon the alarming number of violent deaths which had occurred in the colony in recent years, regretfully observing that the Langford Lake mystery — "the finding of the hideous evidence of murder — the deliberate, cold-blooded slaughter of an unarmed and unsuspicious traveler — laid in wait for at the edge of a lonely wood, and shot down FROM BEHIND by a stealthy assassin — adds another page to the long and fearful record of mysterious assassinations that have occurred in this Colony during the past 11 years, and of the perpetrators of which no clue has ever been obtained.

"Commencing with the murder of a sergeant of police in 1859 and continuing year after year with fearful regularity down to the present, what a shocking record of undiscovered crime do our annals present! In the case under consideration there is not the slightest room to doubt that the remains are those of Capt. Baker. His vest is identified by a man who lived in the same cabin all one year. He was last seen alive on the Goldstream Road, about 1½ miles nearer Goldstream than the spot where the skeleton was found."

The editorial then launched into new evidence which had been uncovered by police, mentioning for the first time that Patrick Fowler, proprietor of Goldstream House, and a hunter known only as "Butch" had recalled meeting Baker on the Goldstream Road. The two had been clearing the roadway of fallen trees after a storm that January day, said Fowler, when Baker had come along. After a brief coversation, the miner had said that he would spend the night at Brown's Parsons Bridge House.

But Baker never made it to what is now known as Six-Mile House. He "was never again seen alive by mortal man save his murderer," although his failure to reach Victoria had caused little comment; "in a new country where men's movements are erratic and uncertain, it was taken for granted that in a fit of the 'blues' he had shipped out on board some vessel and gone away."

It was further recorded that Officer McMillan had recovered the few remaining articles of the dead man's clothing from under a fallen tree, some 25 yards from the body which lay less than 50 yards from the road. But other than the bullet-riddled vest, a pair of drawers, a grey shirt and an undershirt, Baker's clothes had vanished. Due to the position of the skeleton and the fact that it had been stripped of its outer garments, police conjectured that Baker had been shot on the roadway, dragged into the thicket, where he was undressed, and his body left to the animals.

As the *Colonist* remarked: "The problem remaining to be solved is, who did the deed? The stripping of the body would lead us naturally to suppose that Indians were the perpetrators; but a white man might easily seek to divert suspicion toward the natives to screen himself."

Two months later, the mystery appeared to have been solved with the arrest, by Inspector Bowden, of innkeeper Fowler, who was charged with having murdered Baker at Langford Lake. Hauled before the police magistrate, Fowler, who had recently sold the Goldstream House and was preparing to leave the colony, listened as Officer McMillan testified as to how he had deduced that he, Fowler, had murdered Capt. Joseph Baker.

Baker, said McMillan, had left Leech River "on or about the 14th day of December, 1868," heading for Victoria. The miner had, as was the custom of most travelers, stopped at Goldstream House. The morning after, in company of Fowler and a third man "named Leonard, commonly known as 'Butch,' " Baker had proceeded towards Victoria, departing from the others when a mile and a-half along the road, Fowler and Leonard supposedly returning to the hotel.

On Aug. 19, 1869, "the remains of a human being were found in a small pool on Langford Plains, about two miles from the said Patrick Fowler's house, and about half a mile from the place where Joseph Baker parted company with the said Patrick Fowler and Leonard, alias 'Butch.' "

Having given it as his opinion that the remains were those of Joseph Baker and that he had been murdered, McMillan concluded: "From information I have received, I have reason to believe and do believe that the said Patrick Fowler was concerned in the wilful murder of the said Joseph Baker, and I charge him accordingly."

The day before, he said, he and Inspector Bowden had apprehended Fowler just as he was about to sail from the city aboard the steamer *Wilson G. Hunt*.

Fowler's counsel immediately offered the information that, as owner of property on the American side and whose family resided in Washington Territory, Fowler had every legitimate right to be leaving town, that he "was not flying from justice, and although he had sold his place he had still a claim upon it, as he had not been paid in full."

But the court agreed with McMillan that, as Fowler had been one of the last two persons known to have seen Baker alive, the police had acted correctly, and remanded him until the following Monday. At the second hearing, settler Arthur Peatt, Sr. testified that Fowler had told him that he and "Butch" had separated soon after Baker had taken his departure, that he (Fowler) had then heard the "crack of a rifle." His son further remarked that he had heard Fowler's testimony at the inquiry — which differed from remarks Fowler had made to him. The senior Peatt also said that, in yet a third version, Fowler had said that Butch and Baker had headed towards Victoria together, Fowler hearing a gunshot as he had returned to his roadhouse.

Henry Kibblewaite said that Fowler had told him that he and Butch had left Baker to continue on his way, that he had never lost sight of Butch. On Fowler's behalf, Kibblewaite volunteered that he had never seen him with a gun of any description.

Leigh Harnett then swore that Fowler had told him that Baker had continued towards town alone, that Butch had proceeded in the same direction shortly afterward, "and was away a considerable time." But Fowler had said that Butch had not been armed, that he had not heard a shot. Harnett concluded his testimony by noting that Fowler had been drinking when he had told him of the fateful day, that the innkeeper was a "kind, hospitable man."

R. J. McDonnell deposed that Fowler had told him that he was grateful for the fact that he had not been alone that day, that Butch had been helping him cut a tree when Baker passed by.

William Millington said he had

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been told by Fowler that Butch had not been out of his sight that day, that Fowler was " a good man," Aaron White testifying that he had purchased Goldstream House, that he had a good opinion of the accused, that Fowler had remarked that he wanted to join his family in WashingtonTerritory.

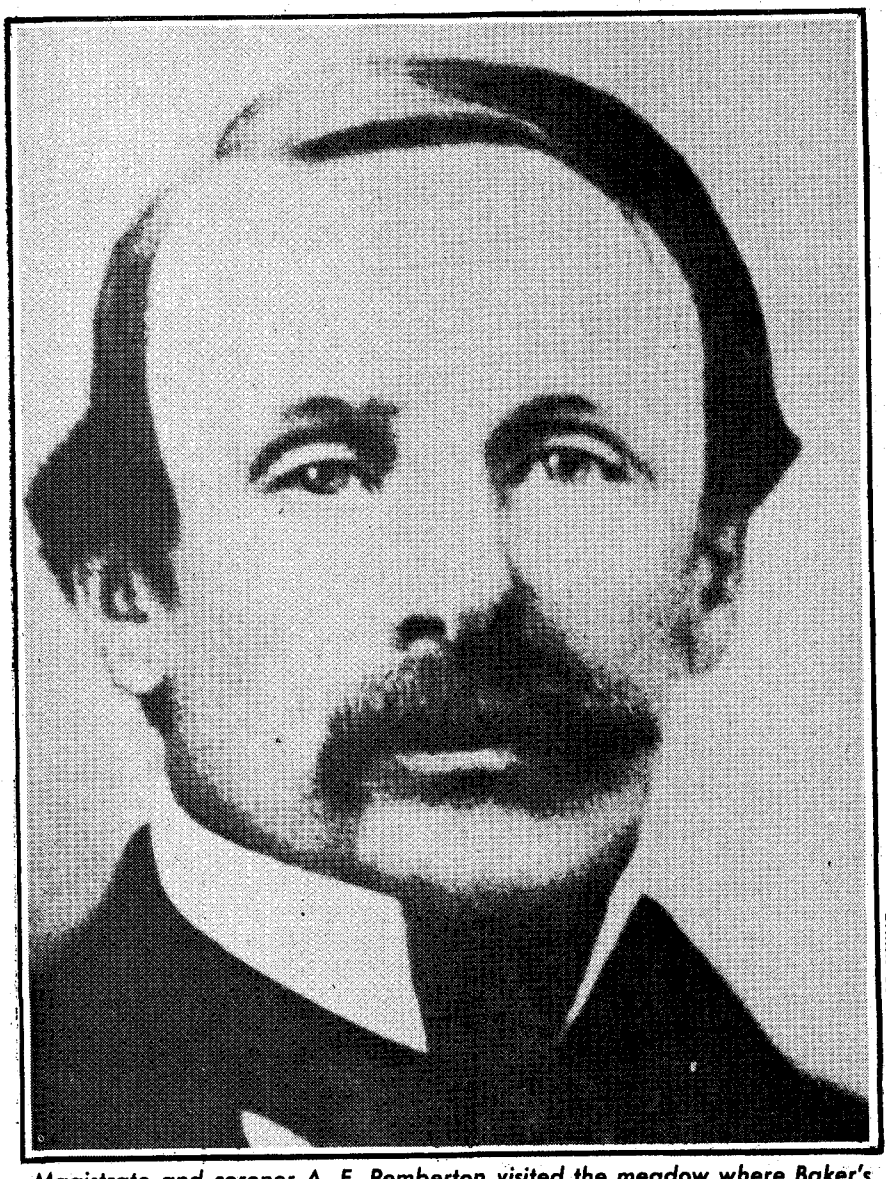
All of which, contradictory as it was, added up to Fowler's being bound over for trial for the murder of Joseph Baker.

But, with January of 1870, a startling new development occurred when Leonard Stealey — the oft-mentioned "Butch" — turned up out of the blue. He had landed in Victoria from the steamer *Olympia,* to enter a Johnson Street saloon. Here, for the first time, he told police, he was informed by the bartender of Baker's murder, that he had been "the object of affectionate inquiry on the part of the police" on the suspicion of having been Fowler's accomplice.

"Why," said the astonished Butch, "I must be the man they want, for I remember Baker passing along the road while Fowler and me was cutting a fallen tree out of the way!" And with that, the indignant Butch had placed himself in Inspector Bowden't tender care for further inquiry.

The next day, he appeared before Magistrate Pemberton to be charged with "being concerned in the murder of Capt. Joseph Baker near Langford Lake." His statement, read to the court, said that he and Fowler Had accompanied Baker along the Goldstream Road until they had reached a fallen tree, which he and Fowler had proceeded to clear from the roadway as Baker pressed on toward town. He further noted that he had not heard a shot, that he and Fowler had seen other travelers that day. Officers pointed to the two glaring inconsistencies between Butch's tale and that of Fowler: The latter had testified to having heard a shot and had since recalled having seen several Indians pass by shortly after Baker had taken his leave of the tree-cutting duo.

Butch made several appearances before the bench in following days, Pemberton remanding him each time. Finally, some two and a half weeks after his return to Victoria, Butch was released on his own recognizance, to reappear in court in a month's time. Fowler, who had appeared briefly in the dock to say that he had nothing to add to his previous statements, was returned to his cell to await trial.



British Columbia archives

Magistrate and coroner A. F. Pemberton visited the meadow where Baker's remains were found.

Then, a month later, Fowler also was released on his own recognizance, as apparently, the Crown's case began to fall apart at the seams for want of solid evidence. Authorities thought they had their man, the following November, when Thomas G. Smith was charged with Baker's slaying. But if evidence against Fowler and Butch had been scant, evidence against Smith was even paler, the third man having been arrested after an incident in the Identical Saloon on Whaft Street.

According to the testimony of those present, Smith had said that he had been with Baker on that fateful day, having accompanied the miner to the Sooke outoff. He also said that Baker had been unarmed, despite his having been flush with several 20-dollar gold pieces and some silver. As for himself, said Smith, he had been carrying a pistol. The gist of Smith's remarks were confirmed by night watchmen (officers) Filton, Walsh and Farrell, the latter testifying that, upon his interrogating Smith, the man had denied everything.

In court, Smith snorted that the "evidence was false and that he could prove he was not in (sic) Vancouver Island at the time of Baker's murder." A week later, he made his second appearance before the bench with witnesses to testify that he had indeed been out of the colony at the time Baker was killed. The court, however, remanded him twice more before he, too, was released.

And, more than a century after, the mystery of Joseph Baker — the skeleton in a Goldstream meadow — remains just that. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES: Contemporary news items in the Victoria *Daily Colonist.*

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

JESSE JAMES REINCARNATED??

About a year ago, we at REAL WEST received a letter from a man who claimed to be the reincarnated Jesse James. He gave his real name and address, but asked that they not be made public. We honored that request, and his letter was published in the Mail Roundup. This caused quite a lot of stir, and much correspondence was forwarded on to him. From reading some of this mail it would seem that the whole James gang is now living in peace at 20th century pursuits. This correspondence asking many questions has prompted Jesse James to write an article which is published in this issue of REAL WEST. We are not connoisseurs in the occult field. We will let the readers judge for themselves whether or not to believe in the sincerity of the author.

I SEE BY YESTERDAY NEWSPAPERS

DALLAS TAXES GAMBLERS

The gamblers of Dallas, Texas, are leaving the town rather than pay the heavy fees demanded by the authorities for carrying on the nefarious business.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 28, 1884

OMAHA TO BE CATTLE CENTER OF THE U.S.

A cattle king says that within ten years Omaha will be the cattle center of the country. An abbatoire is now being built there which will cover 400 acres, and will cost $750,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 5, 1884

LILLY LANGTRY CAPTIVATES SAN FRANCISCO

Mrs. Langtry has been successful in her San Francisco engagement. On the opening night there was an especially brilliant house, as fashionable people came in from all the watering-places to see her. She has been attended while in San Francisco by a wealthy Wyoming cow-boy named Oelrichs, an Englishman, who followed her from Salt Lake, where he gained notoriety by occupying a proscenium box during her engagement. The beauty lives in her special car.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 5, 1884

500 MORMON IMMIGRANTS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK

Five hundred Mormon immigrants landed at the port of New York last week. Of the number, 206 are Scandinavians, and the rest are mechanics and farmers from England, Scotland and Wales. Some of them have been Mormons for thirty years, and have just saved enough to come over to Utah.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 5, 1884

GENERAL MILES TO EXPLORE ALASKA

General Miles, commanding the District of the Columbia, has detailed Lieutenants Abercrombie and Brumbach, and Dr. Robinson, with M. Noman as topographical assistant, to explore the Copper River in Alaska. This expedition is considered a dangerous one, as the Copper country is occupied by Indians who have never allowed white men to explore it.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 5, 1884

WARNING ISSUED BY PRESIDENT

The President, last week, issued a proclamation warning all persons against forcibly entering the Oklahoma lands in Indian Territory.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 12, 1884

OLD JOKE, EVEN IN 1884

A good story is told of Colonel Sanders, a well-known lawyer at Helena, Montana, who was accosted by a tramp on Main Street, and the following colloquy ensued: Tramp — "Please, sir, give me enough to buy a dinner. I've had no breakfast yet." Lawyer — "Go off, pard, and work the other side of the street; I'm working this side."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 12, 1884

CAPTAIN PAYNE TO BE ARRESTED

The Secretary of War will order the arrest of Captain Payne and such of his party (reported to number 1,500 or 2,000), now upon the Cherokee outlet lands of the Indian Territory, as have violated the laws.

Frnak Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 19, 1884

MRS. LANGTRY BACK FROM CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Langtry comes back from California laden with curiosities and works of art, and accompanied by a thirteen-year-old Chinese boy, the son of a wealthy merchant, who has intrusted him to the care of Mrs. Langtry, who will superintend his education.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 19, 1884

TEXAS FEVER SPREADING AMONG CATTLE

Many cattle at points in Kansas and elsewhere have died from Texas fever, but it is thought that a rigid quarantine will arrest the spread of the disease.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Aug. 9, 1884

SITTING BULL TO TOUR THE EAST AND EUROPE

Sitting Bull, with his wife, Gray Eagle, Long Day, Spotted Horn Bull and wife, and the Princess Red Spear, are en route for exhibition throughout the East and Europe. The Sioux chief's agent is Major McLaughlin.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Sept. 13, 1884

(continued on page 62)

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VALIANT WOMAN OVERCOMES TRAGEDY

By Olga Freeman

Frontier women faced many perils as they made their long wearisome way to Oregon. Mrs. Hinman had the fortitude, ingenuity and fearlessness to do what was required under trying circumstances.

In 1844 a solitary prairie schooner was toiling up a narrow gorge in the mountains separating present-day Idaho and Montana. The emigrants were Mr. and Mrs. Hinman of Illinois. Reaching a path barely wide enough for the wagon, with a high wall of rock on one side and a rugged precipice on the other, the couple dismounted. To aid the oxen Mr. Hinman stood between them and the precipice. Suddenly a rear wagon wheel slipped on a smooth stone; the too-heavy vehicle upset and was hurled into the abyss, dragging with it both man and animals. Horror-stricken, Mrs. Hinman saw her husband's body bounding from rock to rock, preceded by the wagon and oxen which rolled over and over 'till they disappeared.

Without hesitation Mrs. Hinman began to descend. She swung herself from boulder to bush until she reached the bottom of the ravine, 400 feet below. Then, 100 feet above her she saw the wreck of the wagon. Climbing up, she found the oxen crushed to a jelly, the wagon demolished, and the household goods scattered.

Following the track the wagon had made in falling, 200 feet above she reached a narrow ledge. There she heard a groan, and 50 feet higher, in a clump of bushes she discovered her husband, breathing but unconscious. He was shockingly bruised, and the blood trickling from his mouth showed he had been hurt internally. In his pocket she found a leather flask filled with whiskey. She bathed his face and poured a large draught down his throat. Presently he revived.

Looking about her, Mrs. Hinman spied an axe and a coil of rope which had fallen from the wagon. She cut a small tree, attached the rope to the stump, passed it several times around her husband's body and lowered him to the ledge, 50 feet below. She then went to the dead oxen, skinned one of them, and cut off a large piece of flesh. In the wagon she found a blanket and a pot.

Returning to her husband, she kindled a fire and made broth with some water she scooped from the hollow of a rock. From moss and lichens she made a comfortable couch, gently laid her patient upon it, and covered him with the blanket. His breathing grew more regular. The bloody ooze no longer trickled from his white lips.

There on a rocky ledge, four feet wide and less than 10 feet long, the strong-hearted wife stood vigil all through the night. When morning came, Mrs. Hinman fed her patient and made him comfortable. She left the flask and broth within reach. Kissing him goodbye and telling him she was going for help, she made her way up the steep precipice to the trail. Fifteen miles, she reckoned, would bring her to the spot where two trails joined and where she hoped to meet other travelers.

After reaching the forks in less than an hour, six hunters appeared. Three of them volunteered to bring her husband to their nearby cabin. They gave Mrs. Hinman a horse, and the four rode rapidly to the scene. They found the injured man greatly improved. Bringing him to the trail, they seated him on a horse in front of one of the hunters. After a slow march of four hours, he was safely put to bed in the cabin of the hunters and in a few weeks had entirely recovered.

The Hinmans soon moved on to Oregon where they established a comfortable and happy home. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *Women on the Frontier*, W. W. Fowler, 1876.

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ALL THAT GLITTERED WAS SAM BRANNAN

By Clarence M. Fink

Sam Brannan arrived in California in July, 1846, intending to capture it with the help of his own militia but the United States had beat him to it by three weeks. This incredible character became a millionaire but when he died at age 70, he was a pauper again.

Elder Sam Brannan, religious Mormon leader, hastily strode across the broad deck of the good ship *Brooklyn* as it approached the Fort of Yerba Buena on July 31, 1846. Overcome with emotions of deep anger in his heart, he glared at the flag with the Stars and Stripes that waved lazily in the breeze and uncivilly roared his bitterness and astonishment in deep-throated disappointment where he had expected the ensign of Mexico to be. "Damn that flag!" he exclaimed fiercely with true feeling.

Dressed more like a riverboat gambler than religious head of his flock of 235 Mormons gathered from around New York, he had intended to wrest the San Francisco Bay area for his church group by force of arms. With his well-drilled militia trained on shipboard he was ready for instant action. But Sam found that he was three weeks too late. This setback ended his dreams of conquest, but he always adjusted quickly to new challenges.

Ambitious and somewhat dictatorial, this brazen Mormon settled his colonists on a large farm in the famous San Joaquin Valley, where they thrived. Here he preached the first Protestant sermon heard in this California territory. With planned deliberateness Brannan bought a printing press, ink, and type, and he employed them in producing the newspaper, *California Star* (the initial news carrier of Yerba Buena, later named San Francisco), and if this wasn't enough to handle in itself, Sam went out of his way to contrive and initiate a good school.

Active as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger with poison ivy, Brannan made it his duty to perform marriages among members of his religious group, officiating at the first union of a happy couple he joined together, the first under American rule. Later he was accused of misappropriation of funds in California's second jury trial. But the verdict in his favor ended in a hung jury.

The next year, Brannan crossed the mountains and started home to tell Brigham Young to bring more Mormons to the Pacific coast. His mannerism was somewhat coarse and crude and rubbed the church leader the wrong way, and in no time at all Young told Sam that he, Brigham, was running the entire show, not Brannan, and he hadn't planned for any transfer of the church members westward. Sam left for California completely humiliated and embittered, with a vow to himself that he was through with the Mormons, except for the tithes he might collect.

The disgruntled adventurer paused in his California trek to start a little store at Sutter's Fort and to supply the workmen who were constructing a flour and saw mill there, thus putting him in the right spot the next January when a gold nugget was found in the tailrace of the mill. Those in the know were trying to keep the discovery quiet for their own personal profit, and even Sam cooperated by keeping the discovery of gold out of his *Star* newspaper. But the news was too big to suppress, and a rival newssheet printed it and which the *Star* ridiculed in its columns. No stranger to resourcefulness this man of action created four new stores in the gold country and journeyed to San Francisco on May 11, 1848. He announced to the people in the town square that the precious metal was for real, displaying the glittering material in a small bottle held aloft, while he shouted — "Gold! Gold! Gold! from the American River!"

Thus, the Gold Rush was on. Brannan charged fantastic prices at his carefully stocked establishments. Eggs sold at $1 a piece. Oysters went at $144 a dozen for small cans. Gold piled up so fast that it was kept in chamber pots under the store counters. Sam put the money into quick circulation, buying up property until he owned one fifth of San Francisco, including prime real estate along Market Street. He would construct a board and canvas shack, depending on its location, costing him $20 to build, and charge the renter anywhere from $600 to $1,000 a month to do business there.

Sam borrowed capital at four percent in New York and loaned it out to solvent buyers at twelve percent on the west coast. He purchased property at distressed prices from those who thought they might lose it. Against the criminal element of the Bay City, the "Hounds" and a group of Australian convicts the "Sydney Ducks," he organized the people into companies to prevent fires and looting, and in June, 1851 the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance was formed, with Sam Brannan elected as its president. They demonstrated their power by hanging a "Duck" for a daylight robbery and incarcerating a number of members of the lawbreaking gangs.

(continued on page 57)

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Sam Brannan

Bancroft Library, Univ. of California

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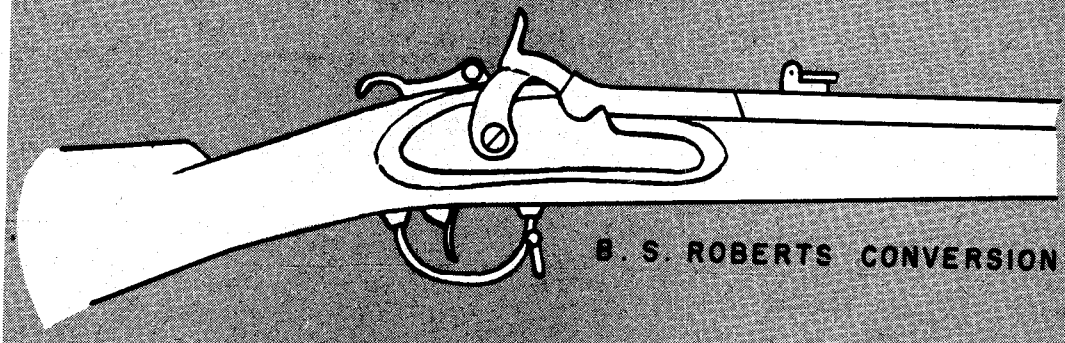
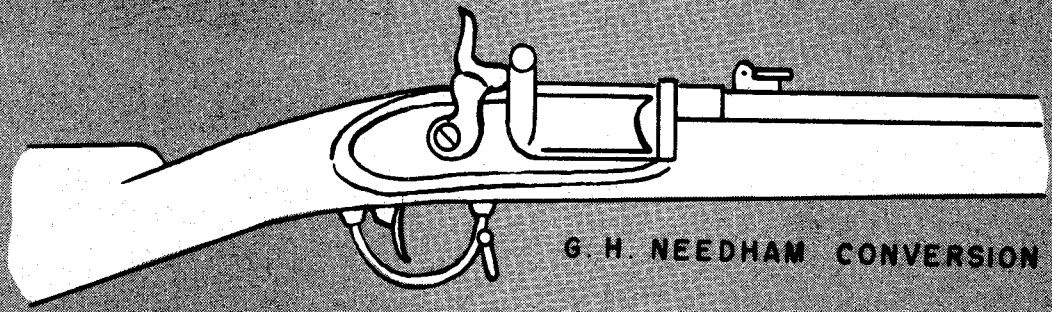
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



B. S. ROBERTS CONVERSION



G. H. NEEDHAM CONVERSION

On the early western frontier, in the first years following the Civil War, the need for an efficient firearm became more crucial than ever. Veterans by the thousands migrated westward — ordinary citizens who had become accustomed to violence and pillage as a way of life. After the long, torturous years of that conflict, many veterans succeeded in readjusting to peaceful pursuits. It was inevitable that a number of others did not.

Former border guerrillas, particularly, had two strikes against them. Their reputations made it well-nigh impossible to return to a quiet farm life in the era of the carpetbagger, and many had prices on their heads like the James brothers.

This is the situation which led to the most turbulent period of western history, as these men sought new frontiers. It was further aggravated by the Indian troubles of that time.

In spite of the need for a firearm to protect one's property and family, many settlers could not afford one of the new Winchesters or Henrys. Yet a muzzle-loader was a severe handicap against the cartridge arms developed during the war.

To fill this gap, thousands of single-shot, muzzle-loading muskets and rifles were converted to accept metallic cartridges. This technique had been developed during the Civil War to meet military needs. It now was continued, briefly, to help meet the civilian demand for an accurate and rapid-loading rifle at very reasonable cost. Government surplus arms were used and labor was cheap. By chambering them for military cartridges in large supply, another problem of cost was alleviated. Certain sizes of ammunition became obsolete for government issue and were sold cheaply to encourage new settlers.

It must be remembered that the military encouraged the slaughter of the buffalo as an effective deterrent for the hostile Indian tribes — another reason why surplus arms and ammunition were made available at low cost.

This was a short-lived expedient, however, as a new demand grew for repeating rifles on the frontier. Except for the professional buffalo hunters, most plainsmen were turning away from the single-shot arms. Too many hostiles were now armed with repeaters.

Although brief, this intervening period is an important one. It spanned the amazingly short gap between the muzzle-loader and the lever-action repeating rifle. The brevity of this gap is shown by the fact that both types were used by the hostiles at Little Bighorn, while Custer's troopers were armed with .45-70 carbines which were breech-loaders but were still single-shot!

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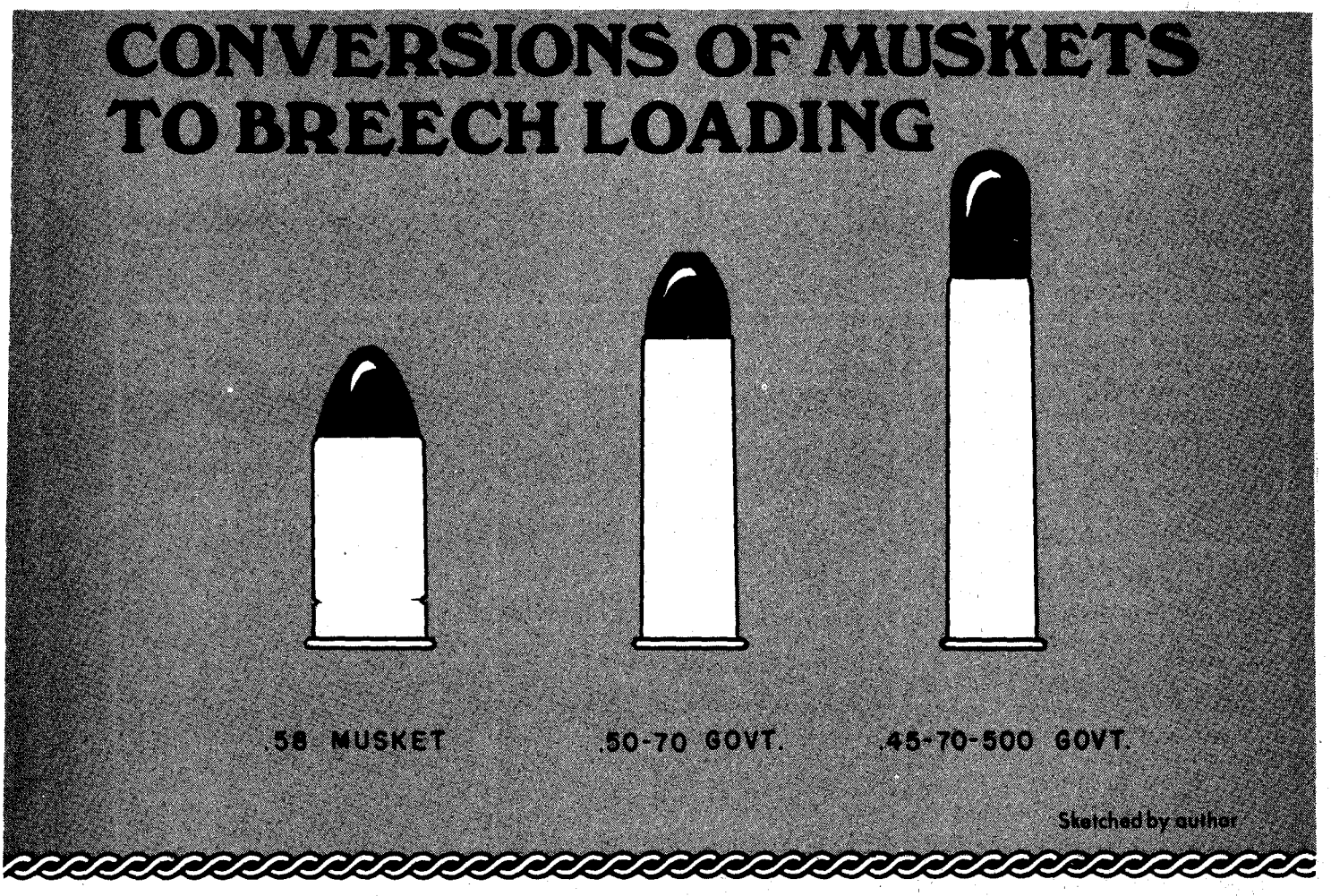
CONVERSIONS OF MUSKETS TO BREECH LOADING



Sketched by author

But to return to the conversions.

These were principally .58 caliber muzzle-loading issue rifles, such as the Model 1861, converted by adding an opening breech to the original barrel.

They used powerful, but short and stubby, .58 rimmed metallic cartridges. The first of these cartridges were rimfire with copper cases, as a softer metal was needed when the firing pin had to mash the rim to initiate the priming.

The first center fire .58 cartridges were still with copper case, and were inside-primed. In this type, a priming cap was centrally located inside the case before it was loaded at the factory. This was secured with a crimp around the case body just forward of the rim, and this crimp helps us now to differentiate between a rimfire .58 and an inside-primed center fire cartridge.

Finally the present style of inserting the primer in a "pocket" in the cartridge head was developed — the outside-primed center fire. Early Berdan primers did not permit easy cartridge reloading by the user. Later Boxer primers made this practical, as well as a switch from copper to brass cases for strength, and home reloading of metallic cartridges was born. Buffalo hunters were in the habit of reloading their fire cases each evening to cut expense, while their crews scraped hides and pegged them out to dry.

The conversions were less ingenious than their cartridges. There were many designs patented, but usually they consisted of cutting a few inches off of the rear end of the barrel and replacing this with a threaded receiver. This generally contained a simple hinged block to open and close the breech, and a locking device to secure it during firing. The firing pin was within the breech block, and opening the breech actuated an extractor in the better models.

There were the Miller conversion, the Roberts, the Mont Storm, the Needham and others. One of the most successful designs for conversion was that of E.S. Allin, master armorer of the Springfield Armory. His "Allin Alteration" of 1865 underwent gradual improvements. The caliber went from .58 to .50, and finally .45. Starting as a rimfire, it later went to center fire.

The Allin mechanism was constantly improved and made stronger. Finally it evolved into the famous .45-70 "trapdoor" Springfield — the best known of our military single-shot cartridge rifles and the one which the Seventh Cavalry carried to immortality at Little Bighorn.

Open with their long barrels sawed to carbine length, these early conversions were a familiar sight in western sod shanties and in ranch bunkhouses.

They were cheap, they were hard-hitting, and they filled a sudden need.

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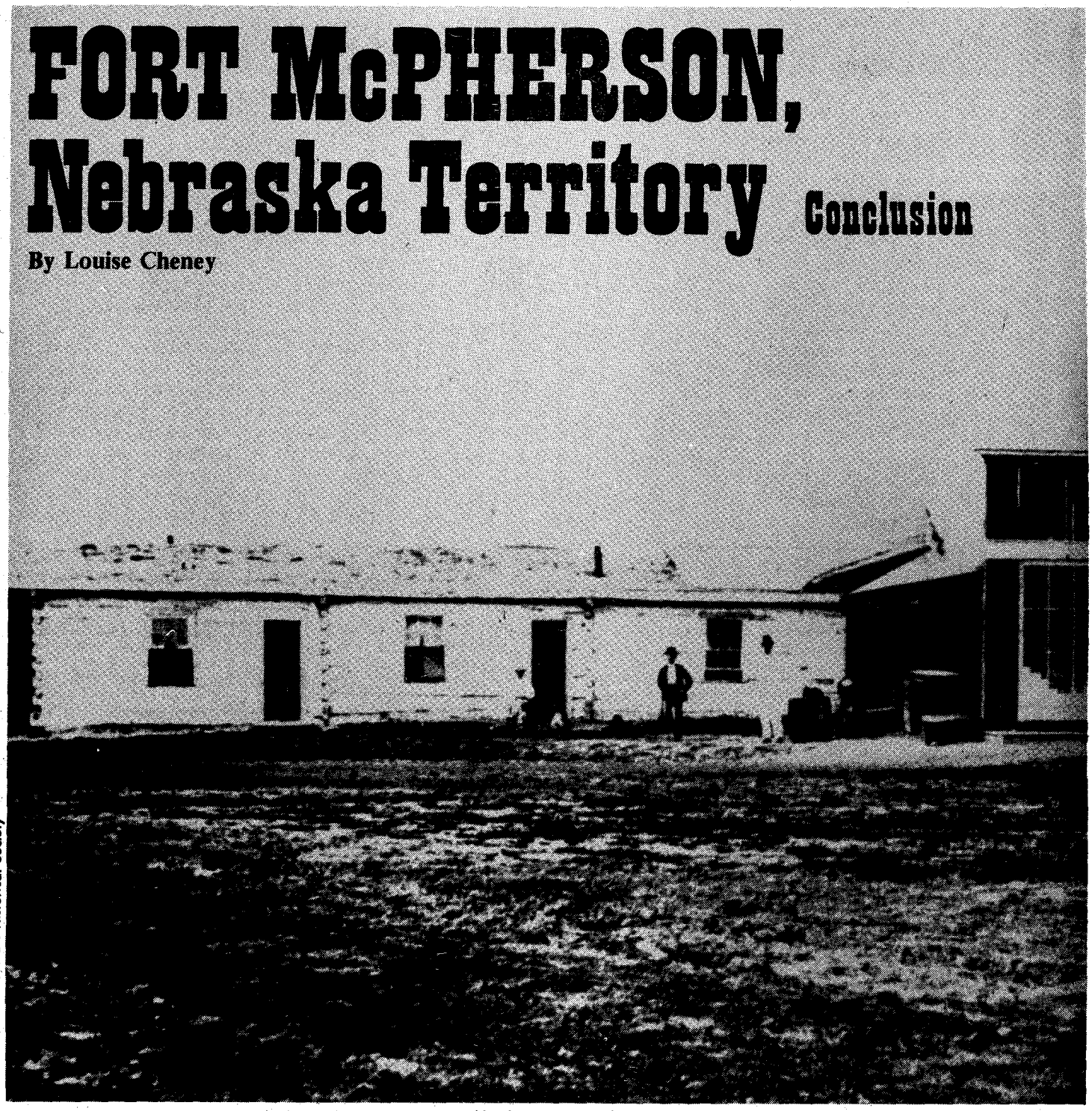
FORT McPHERSON, Nebraska Territory Conclusion

By Louise Cheney



Nebraska State Historical Society

Fort McPherson, showing the Officer's Club, store and Post saloon.

A continued chronicle of this strategically located fort. Not only was it important in keeping peace on the frontier but many legends of the west were born here. Ned Buntline, the dime novelist, met Buffalo Bill Cody in Fort McPherson.

In the meantime, fearing a massive Indian attack, Carrington had sent Portugee Phillips on his (Carrington's) noble horse to get help from Fort Laramie. As has been noted, Phillips arrived Christmas Eve night and gave the alarm.

When the news reached Washington, Carrington was

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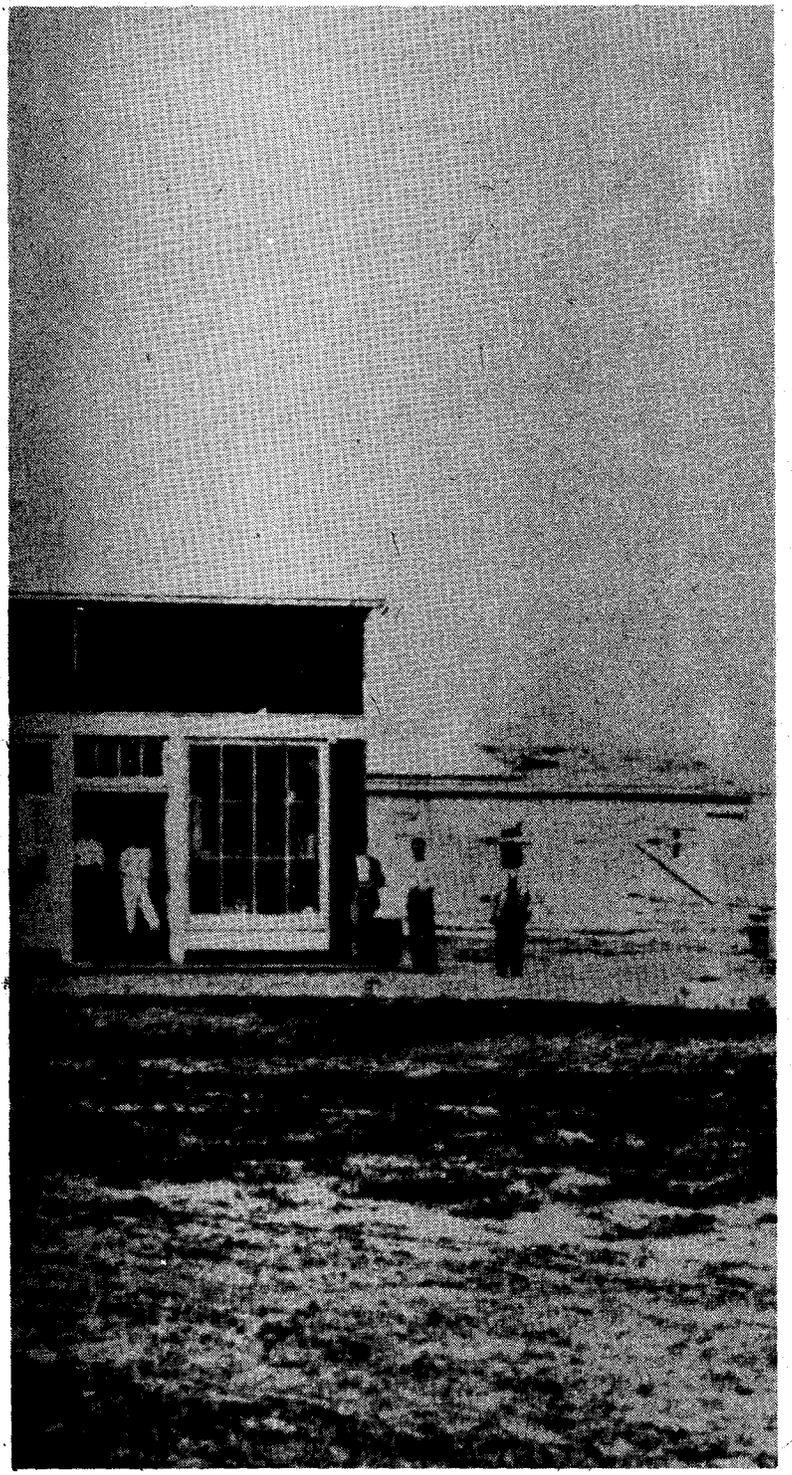

made the whipping boy, although Fetterman had disobeyed him. But Fetterman was dead and Carrington was alive to bear the brunt of it.

Brigadier General H. W. Wessless was ordered to Fort Phil Kearny to take over the command from Colonel Carrington, and Carrington was ordered out during a raging blizzard. And since Frances Grummond was no longer an army wife, she found that she, too, must go even though she was expecting a child soon. She begged Carrington to take along the body of her husband and he consented. All of Carrington's detachment, with their wives and children, were also ordered to accompany Carrington. The wagon beds were walled up and each wagon contained a stove. Finally the miserable caravan reached Fort Reno after a tortuous journey. They rested at the fort three days and then set out for Fort Casper. They made the journey without incident, and in March 1867 Frances Grummond reached her home in Tennessee. Shortly after, her son was born.

Washington demanded a full investigation of the Fetterman Massacre, and President Andrew Johnson appointed a special commission to obtain all the facts. This commission consisted of Generals N. B. Buford, Alfred Sukly, J. B. Sandborn and Colonel E. S. Parker, plus two civilians, J. T. Kinney, the former sutler at Fort Phil Kearny, and G. P. Beauvais, a fur trader. The commission reached Fort McPherson on March 19, 1867. The hearing on the Fetterman affair was held and Colonel Carrington testified and was cleared. But in spite of the fact that he was cleared, Carrington obloquy fell upon him, for there were those who were against Carrington, right or wrong. A few years later, Carrington's wife died. Frances Grummond wrote him a letter of condolence. A correspondence ensued and the two married. Years later, when both were old, they attended a ceremony commemorating the raising of the flag at Fort Phil Kearny where the same soldier who had first raised the flag there repeated the performance.

On June 10, 1865 Lieutenant Colonel and Brevet Major General George A. Custer paused briefly at Fort McPherson. In eleven years Custer and most of his crack Seventh Cavalry were to be massacred at the Little Bighorn.

General Sherman, the commanding general of all western troops, wrote from Fort McPherson in 1867 and stated that he doubted that peace could be accomplished with the Indians. He recommended that they be somehow removed from the vicinity.

During the spring of 1867, the Indinas were restless. Colonel Carrington telegraphed Major General C. C. Augur that about 800 red men were moving down to the proximity of the Platte Bridge.

Then John B. Sanborn, President of the Special Indian Commission, wrote to General Augur, saying that a rumor persisted that the North Platte City civilians would attack Spotted Tail, and he asked that the friendly Indians be protected and that the whites should not be admitted to the locality of these Indians.

The Civil War had shown the nation that rail transportation was needed to the west coast. In 1862 President Lincoln had signed the enabling Act which provided for a railroad to link the east and west. National Defense secured its passage by Congress. And the Platte Valley was selected as the route to the west.

And so the rails were laid at Omaha, Nebraska Territory. Twenty miles were laid before winter set in. Work stopped but was resumed in the spring, and 240 miles were added. Two hundred and sixty miles were laid in the spring of 1867. When the rails moved forward to the west from Grand Island, Nebraska, the Indians became hostile. They did not like the steel rails or the fire-eating monsters that ran over them. The oldsters in the tribes saw their doom in the rails and the young bucks decided to destroy this new enemy. Many attacks on railroad crews occurred. Fort McPherson was kept busy protecting the railroad workers. In 1867 Company B, Second Cavalry, escorted General G. M. Dodge, Chief Engineer in charge of the construction of the Union Pacific, to Salt Lake City and back to Fort McPherson.

The Indians became more determined to destroy the Iron Monster as they came to call the railroad. In August 1867 a band of Cheyennes under Chief Turkey Leg wrecked a train about three miles west of Plum Creek.

When help was called, Engineer W. E. Murphy was too tired to go. The general foreman, R. J. Wyman, agreed to go to the wreck along with Engineer Bully Brooks. And about midnight came the alarm that the Indians were raiding the Plum Creek Station.

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Nebraska State Historical Society

The National Cemetery at Fort McPherson.

The men later learned that the Indians had piled some track ties on a one-span bridge and pried the ends of the rails out of the joints. Bully Brooks was running Engine Fifty-Three, a Dick and Morris type. He saw the obstruction, but it was too late to stop. The Indians shot him and his fireman and set fire to the piled-up cars. Then they broke open the other cars and plundered them. The conductor, Billy Kinney, and the brakeman escaped and reached Plum Station where they reported the trouble.

A relief train was sent right out from Grand Island with Hank Makely, the foreman, in charge. Engineer Murphy went along this time. They carried needle guns and Spencer carbines. All the employees volunteered to go along. When they reached the wreck, they found the Indians still cavorting about. The plunder from the railroad cars was scattered over a large area as if blown there by a Gulf hurricane. When the rescue train arrived, they drew back but made signs that they wanted to fight. Soon the soldiers came from Fort McPherson, as the post had been notified by wire. The soldiers made a camp and the Indians rode away.

Although the Indians, for the most part, were hostile, some came to the post from time to time. In September of 1867, Turkey Foot, Spotted Tail and other chieftains came to the fort and were given clothing with the hope that it would bring peace, but it was a futile gesture.

One of the most colorful officers of the fort was Captain George Sokalski, a West Point graduate. He later went to Fort Laramie, where he died of an ear infection. But more colorful was his wife, Annie, who kept twelve dogs, one for every stripe in the Flag, she said. She was a crack shot and, according to Dee Brown in his excellent book, *The Gentle Tamers,* could ride better than any cavalry officer. She wore a riding habit of wolf skins and the skirt was fringed with wolf tails. From her hat another cluster of wolf tails sprouted.

When Frances Grummond was enroute home with Colonel Carrington's caravan, Annie Sokalski and Frances met at Fort Sedgwick and shared a room. Both had lost their husbands and had no home with the army. Annie had two of her dogs with her, Romeo and Juliet, and she slept on the floor with them so that they would not disturb Frances.

George Bird Grinnel described one of the hunts held at the fort. A party of capitalists came to Fort McPherson to see the new railroad and to learn something of the west. They wished to hunt buffalo, so Major North and his Pawnee scouts took them out. Some of them got buffaloes

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and all were satisfied.

In 1868 James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok rode into the post with a message from Fort Hays, Kansas. He remained quite a while, acting as a professional buffalo hunter.

The Indians began to come along the railroad right of way. In May of 1868, Company B of the Second Cavalry received orders to patrol between the new stations (known as the North Platte and the Grand Island Railway stations). On May 10, Company C of the Second Cavalry relieved Company B.

On November 1, 1868 an alert caused Companies C and D of the Second Cavalry to saddle up. Their orders were to chase the Indians who had destroyed the tracks of the Ogallala Station.

In the vicinity of the post the hostility of the Indians to the Union Pacific Railroad had never let up. Colonel Dodge stated in his book, *How We Built the Union Pacific Railroad,* that "it was a fight for every foot with half guarding and fighting while the other half worked." But at last the railroad was built and a telegram came to the fort, announcing that the railroad had joined the east with the west. Fort McPherson had done its job well in helping to build the mighty railway.

On May 20, 1869 Brevet Major General E. A. Carr, commanding the Fifth U. S. Cavalry, came to Fort McPherson. With him was a large wagon train. One of his guides was a young man by the name of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). The party came from Kansas. Fort McPherson, as it turned out, was to be the making of Buffalo Bill, for it was there that he met Ned Buntline, the dime novelist who was to spiral him to worldwide fame.

Soon after arriving, Brevet Major General Carr led an expedition south under orders. It was during this ex-

Western History Department, Denver Public Library

Buffalo Bill Cody who was a scout and hunter at Fort McPherson before he organized his famous Wild West Show.

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pedition that the Indians received one of the most important defeats at the hands of the whites. General Carr marched his men over rough terrain for three hundred miles and wound up at a village of the Dog Cheyennes, one of the worst bands of Indians on the plains. General Carr destroyed the village and captured many horses and a large number of their goods. Two white women were rescued, but the Indians killed one woman and wounded the other. Fifty-two Indians were killed and fifteen women and children were captured. And thus the Indians suffered the worst punishment that they had experienced in many years. This Battle of Summit Springs, just across in Colorado Territory, was so much of a victory for the whites that the Nebraska Legislature voted thanks to General Carr and Major Frank North and his Pawnee scouts.

The military was putting full pressure to force the Indians south of the Platte River to flee the country. In August of 1869, Brevet Colonel William B. Royals, in command of the Fifth Cavalry with an expedition of five companies and three companies of the Pawnee scouts, left the fort for the Republican River Valley. After his return, a still larger expedition, having five companies of the Fifth Cavalry and two companies of the Pawnee scouts under the command of Colonel Duncan, set out, but the Indians scattered before the troops could attack.

It was in the summer of 1869 that Ned Buntline, the famous novelist, came to Fort McPherson. He had decided that he wanted to write of the wild west.

He came right after the Battle of Summit Springs and went to Major North who was quite famous at the time. He saw in North a hero for his stories, but North was not interested. North did point out a man to him, a man who was asleep under a wagon. The man was none other than Buffalo Bill Cody. Buntline wrote much of Cody during the next few years, making Bill famous.

When the summer ended, Buffalo Bill decided to remain at Fort McPherson. He built a cabin and wrote for his family. His wife and daughter came from Topeka, Kansas and his two sisters came from Leavenworth.

In the summer a civilian scout by the name of John B. Omohundro, who was called "Texas Jack," arrived at the fort, driving a herd of Texas cattle. Immediately a close friendship developed between Buffalo Bill and Jack. Jack decided to stay at the fort.

In October, Companies F and H of the Fifth Cavalry started on the trail using Cody as a scout. Word had been received that a surveying party of thirteen had been massacred by the Indians on Beaver Creek. Though the party found the bodies of three dead Indians and an ambulance, they did not find the bodies of the surveyors.

However, a chief of the Ogallala Sioux, Chief Pawnee Killer, told some time later that the whites had killed some of his warriors and that the Indians remaining alive had killed the whites.

With the coming of 1870, the frontier was comparatively quiet. But as spring came on, things were not so quiet. A band of Indians came near the fort and drove off some livestock. Companies I and M of the Fifth Cavalry pursued the band. They found the thieves camped on Red Willow Creek. The entire command hurried across the creek and recaptured thirty-three head of stock and also some equipment. Cody was highly commended for the manner in which he had followed the trail of the Indians. No losses were experienced by the cavalry.

In September of 1871, Lieutenant General P. H. Sheridan left with a party on a hunt across the country to Fort Hays, Kansas. Along went Company F of the Fifth Cavalry.

It was in November that the Fifth Cavalry left the fort, being transferred to the Department of Arizona. Companies of the Second Cavalry, some of the Third Cavalry and the Ninth Infantry were then assigned to Fort McPherson to continue patroling and scouting.

In January of 1872, the rest of the Third Cavalry arrived at the garrison from Arizona Territory. They had fought the fierce Apaches and other tribes of the Southwest and had quite a reputation.

Also in January of 1872, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia came to the fort as a guest of the United States. None other than General Phillip Sheridan was his host, and General George A. Custer was the assistant host. Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack were the professional hunters of the party, as the Grand Duke was to be taken on a buffalo hunt. The site chosen for the hunt was Red Willow Creek, 60 miles south of Fort McPherson. When the party arrived, they found that horses, ambulances, tents and supplies were ready for them. Companies E and K of the Second Cavalry were to provide escort for the party. Buffalo Bill had arranged to have Chief Spotted Tail and some of his braves join the hunt. Chief Two Lance demonstrated his ability by shooting an arrow completely through a running buffalo. The hunt turned out to be a great success, and the Grand Duke returned to Russia, singing praises of the fine hospitality accorded him in the United States.

When spring came, Indian hostilities increased. A raiding party struck near Fort McPherson and stole some horses. Twenty-five men of Company B, Third Cavalry, with Captain Charles Meinhold in command and with Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill as scouts, took after the rustlers. Cody guided a party led by Sergeant Foley with such skill that he came within fifty yards of an Indian camp before he was noticed. The Indians fired and Cody killed an Indian. Two other Indians ran toward the command and were killed. Cody then discovered a party of Indians with two lead horses running about two miles down the river. Captain Meinhold sent a Lieutenant Lawson and Cody with fifteen men in pursuit. The troops raced after the hostiles for nearly twelve miles, but in the end the Indians escaped. Cody won the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry in action in that affair.

In September of 1872, scouting patrols reported an abundance of game in southwest Nebraska and very little Indian trouble. General Sheridan invited the famous English sportsman, the Earl of Dunraven, to a hunting party and engaged Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack. The hunting grounds were near Fort McPherson, so the Earl and his party came there and took off to the nearby hills to hunt. The hunt was successful, and the Earl was so satisfied that he expressed a desire to return and hunt again.

Also in September came the alarming news from Fort Laramie that Chief Red Cloud and his braves had broken away from the reservation and declared war on the white man. The entire command of Fort McPherson was alerted to be ready to march to Fort Laramie. This was the beginning of an Indian war that would cause much bloodshed.

In November, Cody and Texas Jack were called to Chicago by Ned Buntline to act in a play the novelist had written. They acted for a while with Buntline then went on their own. Cody later organized his famous wild west show. On the advice of Mark Twain he took the show to England where he played a command per-

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formance for Queen Victoria and became world famous. Between seasons both Cody and Jack came back to Fort McPherson to scout for the command.

Things were quiet at the fort for the latter part of 1872. The New Year of 1873 opened gaily. There were dances which brought people from far and near to the fort.

But on January 4 it was reported that three very important Sioux chiefs, namely Whistler, Fat Badger and Hard Smeller, had been slain by the Pawnees about a hundred miles from the fort. Company B of the Third Cavalry was on the alert to ride out at a moment's notice. Their instructions were to check the report and see if any Indians were near and if so, what their attitude was.

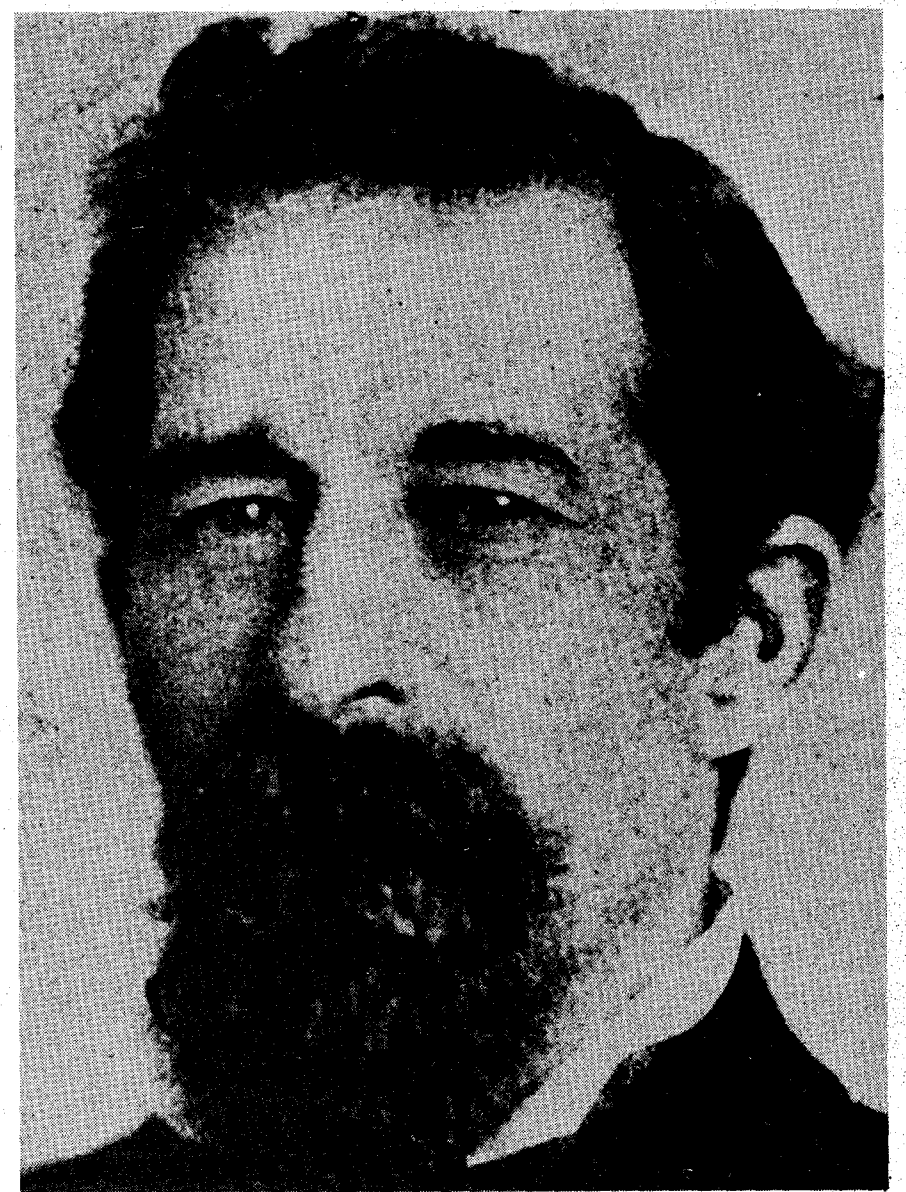
On January 20, Company B of the Third Cavalry commanded by Captain Meinhold returned to Fort McPherson. They had scouted into Kansas along Little Beaver Creek on the Republican River. They came upon the bodies of the dead Sioux chieftains at White Man's Ford. They found that the chiefs had been killed by white men. An outlaw gang was operating in the vicinity and was thought to have murdered the Indians. The patrol had been over 246 miles in sub-freezing weather.

The government had ordered each tribe to stay on a definite reservation. But the Indians were restless and were growing more so daily. Companies F and H, Third Cavalry, left the post on February 20, 1873 to order "No Flesh's" group of Sioux to return to their assigned reservation.

But still the Indians grew more restless as they needed horses and more food. In April a daring band of Indians raided the quartermaster's herd of horses and drove them off. Company I of the Third Cavalry hastened to pursue the Indians. The troopers followed the thieves for twenty miles and recovered the horses.

During the summer of 1873, the Pawnee Tribe received permission from the government to hunt buffalo in the Republican Valley for sixty days.

For some reason a larger band of Sioux were also given permission to hunt at the same time and in the same area. Although they were under a white trail agent, the Sioux, on learning that the Pawnees were present, planned a sneak attack, and on April 6 the Sioux made the assault upon the Pawnees. The Pawnees fought well, but they were forced to flee with their women and children because they were outnumbered. The Pawnees were slain as they sought to escape. But at this stage, a detachment of the Third Cavalry appeared. The Sioux fled and a number of Pawnees were saved. But two hundred of the Pawnees were killed, including women and children.



Portugee Phillips. He rode 200 miles through a blizzard to seek help for Fort Phil Kearny.

In the autumn of 1873, the War Department established a National Cemetery at Fort McPherson.

At this time Cody was scouting for a hunt with Thomas P. Medley of London. When he returned to Fort McPherson, he was hired as a guide for the Bighorn Expedition commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Anson Miles. This lasted until October 1874.

The District Command planned an expedition against the Sioux for February, 1874. Eighty-two men and three officers were transferred from Fort McPherson to the post at the Spotted Tail Agency in Wyoming Territory. The men were from Company B, Third Cavalry. Companies F, I, and K, Third Cavalry, were held at Fort McPherson with other troops for patrol and scouting duty along the Republican River and the Dismal and Loup Rivers to check on reported depredations by the Indians. Troops from Fort McPherson were also used for garrison duty along the posts guarding the railroad.

When the hunting season was on in 1874, Texas Jack came back and became the chief guide for the Earl of Dunraven who had returned to the fort to hunt.

The threat of the Sioux was over with the settlers of the Loup Valleys. Some of the Sioux were on reservations in Dakota Territory in the Black Hills and some were in Nebraska. The Pawnees and encouraged their young bucks to harass them. A new fort, called Post Hartsuff, was

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established in the Loup Valley as a bulwark against the Indians.

Company M of the Third Cavalry returned to the post from an expedition to the Black Hills. Gold had been discovered in that region and the whites were greedy to get the precious metal. The Sioux had a treaty with the whites, signed in 1868, known as the Laramie Treaty in which the Sioux had been given a large area in the Black Hills. But the whites were so eager for the gold that they violated all treaties with the Indians. The Sioux were planning to strike back at the whites in order to save their homes and hunting grounds.

With the coming of 1876, all the forts were ready for Indian trouble as they knew that the Sioux and Cheyennes were smouldering with hate for all whites.

Replacements came from time to time to Fort McPherson. These new recruits were called "boots" or "rookies."

In May of 1876, Companies B and L of the Third Cavalry left for Medicine Bow, Wyoming Territory to join an expedition to the Little Bighorn. Two companies of the twenty-third Infantry came to supplement the force left at Fort McPherson. Already there was a large number of troops at the post. All-out war had been declared against the Sioux because of their outrages in the Black Hills and because Sitting Bull had assumed a threatening attitude. The Bighorn Expedition was sent to pressure the Sioux until they gave up. General George Crook, the Department Commander, was with the troops. The Sioux took the offensive and struck when the military least expected it. General Crook was halted by Crazy Horse at the Battle of the Rosebud. He retired before he could join with the other forces in the north.

The smaller tribes had grown ugly and were wandering about in small groups. A detachment of Company H, Third Cavalry, departed from Fort McPherson in June, intent on destroying the Indians who were wandering between the two Platte Rivers. On June 22, another detail from Company H left for Ash Hollow to protect the settlers from the Indians in that area.

Just a week after June 25, 1876, the telegraph brought the tragic news of Custer's massacre at the hands of the Sioux at the Little Bighorn. The message told of the annihilation of Custer and part of his gallant Seventh Cavalry by a combination of Cheyennes and Sioux.

All military posts near enough to be within striking distance of the Cheyennes and Sioux were alert for every danger from the two tribes, and many a scouting party took to the field to determine if the Indians were planning any attacks. The Indians realized that a large force of whites would be on their trail, so they separated and went into the mountains of the west, and Sitting Bull, who had commanded the Indians at the Little Bighorn, took refuge in Canada.

In November of 1876, General E. A. Carr with Companies C, E, G and N Companies of the Fifth Cavalry took command of Fort McPherson.

When 1877 came in, the troopers at the post were quite busy with regular garrison duty. Then in September of that year came a telegram advising that the Union Pacific Train had been robbed. The message asked that all available troops come to help capture the robbers. The holdup was the boldest of the west at the time. It was later learned that the robber who headed the gang was none other than the notorious Sam Bass of Texas. When the train stopped at Big Springs, Nebraska, a station west of Ogallala, the outlaws were waiting. The passengers were robbed as was the crew. Then the express car was opened and the robbers took sixty thousand dollars in newly minted gold coins. The Union Pacific offered a $10,000 reward for the apprehension of the gang. Finally an Ogallala merchant identified the gang, and this later proved to be its undoing.

The year 1878 saw the country becoming quiet. The garrison at Fort McPherson was growing smaller, as many of its troopers had been assigned to other posts.

In the autumn came an order for a detail of troopers to proceed to Fort Sidney to escort a group of Cheyenne prisoners to Fort Wallace, Kansas.

About three hundred Cheyennes, men, women and children, had been moved to a reservation at Fort Reno, Oklahoma Territory. They hated their surroundings from the first and, finally declaring that they would return to their home on the Yellowstone River, they left the reservation under the leadership of Chiefs Little Wolf and Dull Knife. They started the long journey home far to the north. All military posts along their route were alerted and ordered to stop the Cheyennes and bring them back to Oklahoma Territory. But the Cheyennes were able to elude the soldiers. On their return trip they crossed the Union Pacific a few miles west of Fort McPherson. Dull Knife and his followers were captured in October on Chadron Creek, a few miles out of Fort Robinson. Little Wolf and his band were captured farther north in March.

In January of 1879, Company L of the Fifth Cavalry was ordered to Fort Robinson. While there, they were engaged in the Cheyenne breakaway and held skirmishes on the 10th and 13th. The captive Indians there were under Dull Knife; the prisoners were held in unheated barracks even though the weather was frigid.

Companies H and L of the Fifth Infantry were with the Ute Expedition west of the Rockies from October 1879 until February 1880. The Utes had no use for the life of the white man and did not wish to farm or run stock.

The Department of the Platte on March 25, 1880 was declared surplus and ordered to be abandoned and decommissioned in April of that year. And so old Glory was saluted, hauled down and the troopers marched or rode away, and the grand old fort was no more. It had hastened the settlers westward via the great trails. It had vastly aided the building of the Union Pacific Railroad which linked the east with the west. It had brought civilization to the Great Plains area of the United States. It had held the west for the Union. And it had throttled the Indians in that area for all time to come. It was an important fort, and its troopers had done their job well.

In the shadow of the grand old fort stands the National Cemetery where lie the men of many wars, those who fought in the great Indian Wars and those who fought, many years later, in the First World War, the second World War, Korea and, no doubt, those who gave their lives in Viet Nam. The Cemetery is located by the side of the "old trail" where came the Indians, the fur trappers, the Pony Express, the Cavalry, the covered wagons and all those who helped to make this great nation. Fort McPherson played its part as an empire builder. ●**RW**

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Questions about the American buffalo or bison are popular with our readers, so we have accumulated some for answer in these paragraphs. As a result, we will jump from one fact to another, giving a disjointed impression, but it will serve the purpose of saving space and time.

Buffalo did not migrate in the accepted sense of the word, such as for instance, the swallows do, but they moved about considerably, searching for forage. The speed of buffalo on the run has been clocked at from 30 to 35 miles an hour. Buffalo are not inherently fierce or bad tempered, but when aroused make a fearsome opponent. Their horns can, and have, disemboweled horses and men, and there are recorded instances where a lone bull has killed and trampled a grizzly bear into jelly. The buffalo's greatest enemy, in addition to man, is the wolf pack, but their victim was, and is, usually alone, sick or young.

The wood buffalo is larger and heavier than the plains buffalo.

In answer to a related question, the early buffalo hunters were violently hated by the Indians for their wasteful methods in slaughtering the animal for its hide, leaving the meat to rot; as a result, some hide hunters carried capsules of cyanide with which to commit suicide in the event of capture by the Indians. They preferred a quick death to the refinements of torture which they knew awaited them.

For those wishing to pursue the subject in detail, we heartily recommend *The Time of the Buffalo* by Tom McHugh (Alfred Knopf, 1972, and *The Buffalo* by Francis Haines (Thos. Y. Crowell Co., 1970).

Q. Did the Indians invent the sign language in order to talk to the white men? V. Bierne, Jackson, Mississippi.

A. No, indeed; on the continent of North America before the advent of the white man, Indians spoke approximately 550 different languages. Sign language enabled the various tribes to talk to one another.

Q. I've heard this story so many times. Did the snake, prairie dog and owl live in harmony together in the same burrow? L. Whitty, Lansing, Michigan.

A. That's just what it is — a story, and a fairy tale at that. The prairie dog dug the burrow and lived in it. The burrowing owl, living on the treeless prairie, was accustomed by circumstances to lay its eggs in burrows — preferably abandoned burrows. If there were trees around, no doubt the owl would have developed like other birds and built a nest in the treetops, but, things being as they are, it made for the nearest burrow to lay eggs. Sometimes the original owner would be there, and the owl was not welcome. The prairie rattler, as the cold weather approached, would seek warmth and shelter. Where else but a burrow? He was not welcome either, and fights, sometimes to the death, would ensue.

Q. Will you publish in one of your future issues an article on the Donner Party? Are there any photographs of the Donners? F. R. Bowes, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

A. The Donner tragedy has been capsuled in this department several times. Perhaps one of our writers will submit a complete article to us. In any event, their story is short and sad. They started across the country too late, arrived at the mountain passes just as snow was abundantly falling and, in order to survive, turned to cannibalism. They did not, however, murder; they ate the bodies of those already dead. We know of no extant photographs of the family. Perhaps one of our readers does.

Q. I would like to know what the old Western jailhouses looked like. Also the old funeral homes. M. Birdwell, Burley, Idaho.

A. You don't say how old. In the very early days, there were no jailhouses. Criminals were either run out of the settlement or hanged. For the short time of incarceration before hanging, the criminal was kept in any suitable building and guarded. Later, the jailhouse took on the same architectural style as the rest of the town: adobe, wood, or brick. Marshal Dillon's jail on TV's "Gunsmoke" is a good example. As for funeral homes, again in the early days the defunct was buried without embalming, for there were no such facilities. Later, the funeral home, like the jailhouse, took on the qualities of the rest of the buildings in town. Sometimes it was only a back room of some other business.

Q. This is my second letter. Did Billy the Kid kill twenty-one men? Was he left-handed? Was he fast with a gun? Where can I get some books on him? C. Ridley, Stratford, Conn.

A. Since he was involved in a range war, the Kid probably killed more than twenty-one men in his short life. We don't know if he was left handed. As for being fast with a gun, the Kid was not the type of gunfighter who, like in the movies, walked down the middle of the street and shot it out may-the-best-man-win style. For the most violent part of his life he was a hired hand with a pistol and rifle, a cattleman soldier, so to speak. As for books, there are at least a hundred on him, mostly fable. Any library has some.

Q. Please supply the titles, authors and information as to where I can purchase authoritative texts on Colonel Ranald Mackenzie of the 4th Cavalry. R. Therioult, St. Paul, Minn.

A. We are sorry. Our reference library gave us no information except one book which mentions Mackenzie so briefly that it would not serve you. Your library should have some complete bibliographies.

Q. I am interested in the Lincoln County War. Where can I find out about it from start to finish? Sgt. R. Luebesmier, APO Seattle.

A. There are many books on the Lincoln County War, but one authoritative one is *New Mexico: A Guide to the Colorful State*, compiled by workers of the Writers' Program of the Works Project Administration in the stae of New Mexico. It is illustrated and was published by Hastings House, New York City. It was republished by the University of New Mexico Press in 1945. Any library should be able to secure it for you, or write directly to the publishers.

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BILLY HAMILTON

(continued from page 21)

It was still dark that morning when the fifty hunters, accompanied by twenty women, moved out of camp. The man who had been selected to lead the hunt was familiar with the territory where the scouts had located the herd, and he wasted no time leading the party directly to them. And as the first streaks of dawn reddened the sky, their leader had the hunting party situated below a small hill downwind of the buffalo. Here he divided his force into two bands so they could, if possible, surround the animals needed and kill them in a small space convenient for butchering.

The hunters moved out while Billy waited, and at the first shrieks of the Indians he sent his horse lunging up and over the crest of the small hill. Less than a quarter of a mile away, a flat was covered with buffalo. Shrieking, howling Indians, naked except for breechcloths, were riding full tilt into the herd while discharging arrow after arrow. Dust rose so thickly that it wasn't long before Billy could see nothing except a huge, rolling cloud from which came yell after yell of the pursuing Indians, the bellowing of the buffalo and the occasional shriek of a horse that had put a foot into a badger or gopher hole.

A segment had been split from the main herd and it was into this that Billy charged with his horse running at full speed. Swift Runner saw him coming and pointed out a fat cow. Billy's buffalo horse put him alongside it in such a hurry that Billy, not used to the speed, dust, turmoil and excitement, shot the cow through the kidneys. Luckily the ball also broke its back and he had his first buffalo down. Unable to reload due to the dust, Billy pulled his horse to the outside of the melee where he could watch. Many of the buffalo were brought down with only one arrow shot behind the shoulder, which ranged forward into the lungs. He also saw numerous Indians afoot but still sending arrow after arrow into buffalo as they sped past.

When the dust settled, Billy was amazed to see that the greater majority of the kill lay within a half-mile circle. The women were all ready at work, and in less than two hours, with the aid of the men, the kill was butchered, packed and the hunters on their way back to camp.

The following day, Billy was introduced to that great delicacy, depuyer (depouille). This was the bread of the migratory Indians and could not be obtained anywhere except from the buffalo. It was a fat substance that lies along the backbone next to the hide and runs from the shoulder blades to the last rib. It is about as thick as a person's hand and seven to eleven inches broad which tapers to a feather edge at the lower side. The pieces can weigh from five to twelve pounds depending on the size and condition of the buffalo. To prepare it for eating, it is first dipped in hot grease for a short time then hung below the smokehole of the lodge to dry and smoke for about half a day. After this simple treatment it will last indefinitely, and according to Billy it was finer than any bread — tender, sweet and very nourishing. Mountainmen would pay a dollar a pound for it if, and when, they could purchase it from the Indians.

Although the Williams' party had obtained all the prime furs and the best of the dressed robes, they stayed on until the Indian women could make additional pemmican which they purchased.

The making of pemmican is simple but requires time and patience. It also requires hot, bright days or the use of small fires so that the meat, which is cut in fine strips, can dry and cure completely. The meat is then pulverized into a meal about as coarse as mince meat.

The marrow is taken from all the bones and what is considered the best of the fat from the buffalo, the fat from the cow's udders, and this was dissolved with the marrow over a very slow fire. Then rawhide parfleches were made ready and a layer of meat, a layer of meted marrow and fat, along with berries if in season, were alternated until the parfleche was full. It was then laced with rawhide, and as the rawhide dried, it shrinks, forming an airtight container. This was one of the staple foods of the Plains Indians and could be made from any meat animal, although buffalo was preferred.

Before leaving St. Louis, Williams heard that fur buyers would be at the forks of the Laramie River and the South Fork of the Platte. These were independent buyers, plus buyers from some of the larger fur dealers in St. Louis, and Williams hoped to find a group of them congregated so the price of their furs would rise due to competitive bidding. And it was nearly that time for his party to be on their way to that rendezvous, although this would not be comparable with the great, wild rendezvous of the 1830's, but would be merely a business transaction.

At the farewell feast that evening, Billy was the recipient of numerous, beautifully worked moccasins. He also received, as a gift from Swift Runner, the buffalo horse he rode during the hunt. It was natural for Billy to name the horse, Runner.

A few days travel brought the Williams' party to the South Platte, and at a point about fifteen miles east of the mouth of the Laramie River, they encountered a Sioux camp under the leadership of Big Thunder. The Sioux were anxious to trade and treated the Williams' party royally that evening.

During the festivities, that lasted all night, a raid was made by the Pawnee against the Sioux pony herd. This was discovered at first light and fifty Sioux warriors took to their trail, accompanied by Billy, Dockett and Noble. By mid-afternoon, they had caught up with fifteen Pawnee warriors who were desperately trying to drive over one hundred head of loose Sioux horses.

On sighting their pursuers, the Pawnee made a break for a grove of cottonwood trees where they could fort up. Billy, not understanding the Plains Indians' war strategy, could not comprehend why the Sioux did not attack and overwhelm the few defenders. He did, though, attract considerable attention to himself by racing up within easy rifle range of the beleaguered Pawnee and retrieved five horses. To the young Sioux warriors this was a remarkable feat of bravery.

Four of the Pawnee, separated from their companions, took shelter in a thin stand of willows. Billy, Noble and Dockett dropped three of them. The fourth made a dash for his companions, but Noble had reloaded and dropped his horse. The Pawnee tried to escape on foot but the Sioux swarmed over him, counting coup.

On their return to the Sioux encampment, they were all greeted as heroes. During the scalp dance Billy's bravery was extolled to the great disgust of "Old Bill" who called Billy all sorts of a fool for his recklessness.

When the trading was finished with the Sioux, Williams and his party found themselves with plenty of pelts but with very little in the way of trade goods. This situation was alleviated when they met Louis Vasquez and

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Jim Bridger, who were on their way to unfinished Fort Bridger with a load of trade goods. Trailing them was a trader named Pomeroy, who was new to the country and the trade. Williams unloaded all the pelts and robes on Pomeroy at a 500 percent profit, much to the delight of Jim Bridger as Pomeroy had invited himself along unasked.

This was better than they could have obtained in St. Louis so Williams and his party were well content, although only three shared in the profits: Williams, Perkins and Billy Hamilton, whose father had provided the money for a third interest. The rest of the party was paid by the month, although they were allowed to carry a few trade trinkets and also retain all the furs they trapped.

After leaving Pomeroy, Williams headed the party for the Wind River Mountains in search of the Shoshoni. By this time it was getting along in the season, and he intended to winter with the Shoshoni in Brown's Hole.

In searching for the Shoshoni, the party had a brush with the Piegans of the Blackfoot Confederacy, killing thirteen. They also regained some horses evidently stolen from other traders or trappers and recovered two fine rifles. Four days after this fight, they came up with the Shoshoni.

Williams and the Shoshoni chief, Washakie, were old friends. Washakie, one of the most noted of all Shoshoni chiefs, had finally united most of the scattered bands of the eastern Shoshoni into one fairly large one. He had also always been a friend of the white man and remained so to his death.

The Indian camp was in the midst of making meat and finishing tanning robes needed for the coming winter and were delighted to be able to do some trading. But their main concern, after hearing of the brush with the Piegans, was the safety of their camp. At a council that night it was decided that Williams and his party would aid them in clearing that section of the country of war parties of Pend d'OReilles, Kalispel and Piegan.

Shortly before Williams and his party arrived, the Shoshoni had two fights, one with the Pend d'OReilles and one with the Kalispel. They also told Williams, after he had given them an account of his party's fight with the Piegan, that the ones he had fought did not constitute the whole war party as they had also skirmished with the Piegan two days previously.

After much deliberation it was decided to form three war parties. The Williams' party, along with some Indians, started towards Bull Lake, a favorite gathering place for all war parties, regardless of tribe. But before reaching the lake, they discovered fresh pony tracks going up Bull Lake Creek. They took out on this trail, but upon hearing shots from the east side of Wind River, they scouted a high timbered knoll and discovered Indians on foot running towards them. Not knowing where the ones had gone who had made the tracks, they split their party, one to follow the tracks and one to head off the approaching Indians. The party following the tracks discovered two Piegans in charge of fourteen horses. They were killed and at the sound of firing, the remainder of the Piegans changed the direction of their flight for a stand of cottonwoods. Had they made a stand in one of the ravines they crossed, they might not only have saved their lives but also inflicted a number of casualties on the Shoshoni. However, they chose to run for the timber and the Shoshoni charged and cut them down to a man. Billy was in the midst of the fight and collected another scalp.

Washakie, Shoshoni chief

The other two Shoshoni parties met a war party of Pend d' OReilles and also a war party of Kalispel, but neither of the Shoshoni parties had much success. They collected one scalp and a number of stolen horses while the party under the mountainmen had succeeded in wiping out the entire Piegan war party.

For two weeks the Shoshoni made meat while the women tanned robes. Then the two parties split after Williams had given Washakie all of his party's furs and robes to take to Fort Bridger. Williams intended to cross directly over the mountains and trap down the Green River. Washakie and his band were going to the fort via South Pass, the easy route always taken when the entire band was on the move.

During the trip down the Green, Billy killed his first bear. He had seen a few previous to that time, but the party had been interested only in trading for pelts so no notice was taken of them. Now they wanted them for their pelts and their oil for use in the winter encampment, and they killed a great number of them in two different camps on the forks of the Green River.

(continued on page 64)

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TIME TO REMEMBER

(continued from page 34)

They seized upon a tiger, from which they could not dismount, nor could they ride it as easily as they thought. That same tiger was destined to carry them and their kind to the very bottom of the Pit, many times over...

Had the Feds been smart enough to trail me, they would have easily discovered what they so desperately sought: the whereabouts of Frank and his brave companions.

After making sure that Dr. Samuels would be all right, and pausing only long enough to strap on a gun belt, I kissed my dry-eyed mother goodbye and seized the parcel of food she had prepared from her meager household supply.

Literally hurling myself into the saddle, I galloped down that dark and lonely road of Destiny, with a curse on my lips and a song of death and destruction in my heart.

During the hard bitter years of that war of attrition, I learned my lessons well from heroes who were far more human and much less depraved than our Hell-sent persecutors. Bill Quantrill, "Bloody Bill" Anderson, Cole Younger, and John Jarrett were foremost among those who honed my deadly resolve to a fine point, under the watchful and often critical eye of Brother Buck, whose determination to hang in there and protect me would lead him down many a dark trail that he would not otherwise have taken.

After the war was over, I made one of the few foolish mistakes of my life. In my desire to return to a semblance of normal life, and in spite of the years just past, I chose to believe the lies of my former enemies and decided to accept their offer of "amnesty."

My good faith and eager compliance were repaid when they revealed their true intentions by gunning me down while I was unarmed. One of the Bluebellies fired a pistol ball through my right lung, which threatened to end my life right then and there. But Fate — and the tender loving care of my cousin, Zerelda Mimms — deemed otherwise.

As I slowly regained my strength, I began to see just how bleak my own future really was. During my long convalescence, countless discussions with Mama, cousin Zelda and Frank convinced us that the only possible course for us was to continue the old way of life. Those who had forced us onto the Owlhoot Trail had made sure we couldn't get off. They were soon to discover, to their eternal dismay, that we would adapt so swiftly and smoothly to the way of life that was being forced upon us, that we would soon lose the desire to abandon it, even if allowed to do so!

The tiger — healed and rested and on the rampage — was riding high, wide and handsome, and wreaking a terrible vengeance on all who stood in his way. And his would-be-captors, frustrated at every turn, decided to destroy him.

To the Pinkerton Agency went the order to search and destroy in the vicinity of our farm. Failing to find us, and fully aware that we were *not* in the house, they threw in a homemade bomb, which caused death and destruction to those inside the house.

Buck and I were on the way back from St. Jo at the time of the explosion, and we arrived at the farm in time to get a doctor for Mama and an undertaker for little brother Archie.

That misguided mission of mindless massacre accomplished little but to inject more ice in my veins and to strengthen Frank's faltering resolve.

Many writers have wasted many words on the subject of the bomb incident, vainly attempting to bolster the false supposition that what happened then was what caused me to "turn bad."

What they seem to forget is that I had already "gone bad" long before that. It started when I was horsewhipped; intensified when I got shot trying to surrender; and accelerated when they took their spite out on an old woman and a young boy!

Now the tiger was infuriated — and still free. So it was decided that the best way to get rid of him would be to dress a hyena in a tiger skin and plant it in the lair of the tiger. The old Trojan-Horse caper on a much smaller scale, with results just as satisfying and deadly.

Consequently, early in 1881, the Putrid Pinkertons enlisted the aid of the Ford brothers in a desperate attempt to silence me forever. The rest is history — sad and shameful, but still history. After living in MY house, eating MY food, and sleeping in MY bed, little Bobby Ford — not yet a man — repaid me with a death shot from MY gun, one I had given him not a week before that! O Tempora! O Mores!

All of this I remember. So does Brother Buck. So, too, does Josie Younger, and maybe others who have not yet contacted us. We remember; do *you*? ●RW

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SAM BRANNAN

(continued from page 43)

For past business favors Sam proffered $16,000 credit to Sutter. In payment for this loan the rich Mormon creditor took a land tract near the fort at the junction of the Sacramento and the American Rivers. Ambitious, he founded Sacramento on this acreage.

Brannan had been charging his Mormon miners thirty percent of their findings as "tithing." He disposed of the colony farm of San Joaquin, but sent the Church no money because he was still resentful from his meeting with Brigham Young. Two emissaries, sent from this Mormon leader to collect the Lord's money, confronted Sam for these funds. One of these collectors was a gunman, Porter Rockwell, who shoved a loaded weapon in Sam's middle and demanded he turn the money over to him or else. But Sam was no coward and faced up to him saying, "You can tell Brigham, Porter, that I'll give him the Lord's money when he gives me a receipt signed by the Lord!"

It was a common belief by most Mormons that nobody could deceive the Supreme Being and prosper. Some Church officials predicted that Sam, one day, would want for a loaf of bread. But Brannan kept right on adding to his prosperity. He went ahead with a scheme to annex the Sandwich Islands to the United States by buying up land and settling enough Americans there to cause a revolt against the King. While drinking excessively he unwittingly boasted of this plot while in Honolulu. He was invited immediately to leave there, and the U.S. Government demanded that he get rid of all his island holdings, so his planned efforts went for naught.

But this ex-churchman was not all tricky or aspiring constantly for wealth. He was a good civic leader and was interested in business progress. Sam's contributions to San Francisco were generous. He helped street beggars, sponsored a fire brigade, became chief patron to the Music Fund and served as a member of the first city council. He helped finance the first railroad west of the Mississippi, being associated then with William T. Sherman for this project. He invested in a telegraph and express company and bought up reclaimed land in California valleys. Once, in a smart business move, he acquired a 170,000-acre rancho in Los Angeles County, dividing it into small tracts for farmers.

Sam bought an elaborate carriage for his wife in New York in 1853, but on his return voyage he met and was attracted to the beautiful and famous dancer, Lola Montez. Despite the fierce competition among the many males aboard, Brannan won over all of them and spent the days walking arm in arm with this female charmer; he spent the nights in her stateroom. In San Francisco he gave his ladylove the magnificent carriage purchased for his wife. Mrs. Brannan remained aloof and ignored her rival, giving the impression of harmony in her marriage while her husband made public appearances with the captivating Lola who smoked cigars.

In 1859 Sam purchased a square mile in Napa Valley, which contained health-giving hot springs with jets of hot steam. He had visited famous similiar watering places in Europe and he came up with the name, "Calistoga," for his own. He threw gay parties there, but none of them drew members of his own family to participate in them. Sam had invested a half million in Calistoga when his manager absconded with all available cash and anything not nailed down. Bad feeling by his local neighbors concerning his sheep, which they said were polluting their drinking water, triggered off a shooting spree against him by these citizens. Eight bullets ripped into his back that, by all odds, should have killed the ex-Mormon Elder, but he miraculously recovered from this squabble. A lesser man would have died, though the rest of his life Brannan had to use a cane to get around.

After spending almost eight years abroad in Europe, Mrs. Brannan returned with the family and took up residence with Sam whom she found was having an affair with his own niece. Anna Eliza Brannan immediately sued for divorce. She was awarded half of the community property. Worth about a million dollars, a rancorous court ordered Sam to pay his wife in cash only. This turn of events forced the harried money-maker to liquidate all

(continued on next page)

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his holdings at depressed prices. This act reduced his finances to an all-time low.

When Sam supported Mexico against Napoleon III of France and outfitted an expedition of his own to expel the foreign invader, he was awarded for his efforts with a grant of 1,687,585 Mexican acres of land which proved to be an unconquerable task. Under normal conditions this would have been a godsend to a man of Sam's ability, a younger Brannan with drive who had brought a colony of his people around the Horn and established them in California, but not one of 63 years of age, crippled and broke. The strings attached to this vast land transfer lay in the fact that he must clear this acreage of bands of savage Indians, survey it in its entirety, and colonize its enormous spaciousness before it could be called his own — an impossible task for him at the time.

This once high-rolling gambler didn't fail, because time ran out on him, dying at age 70 in San Diego. A pauper, his body lay in a morgue, unclaimed for months until a nephew could raise enough money to give him a decent funeral. This driving factor of San Francisco and other places has only an obscure street in the Bay City named after him as a minor memorial to his impelling force of success. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE:

The Gold Baron of California by Lewis King Krantzler, Sacramento, 1931.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

herb made into a powder was used to dry and heal the wound. If there was mouth bleeding caused by the wound, the Illinois-Miami Indians used the crushed root of the crowfoot dissolved in warm water and applied it to the wound.

From skeletal remains of the early Indians it seems they did have some problems with their teeth, but dental ills were more common among sedentary tribes which subsisted largely on corn than among the nomadic hunters. The Indians seemed to have less trouble with their teeth if they lived in the more remote areas than if they lived close to the white man and the trading posts. Many Indian tribes used the bark of the prickly ash as a toothache remedy. It was so effective it was at times called the 'toothache tree.' The Choctaws chewed the bark of the buttonbush to help relieve toothaches. Other remedies used by the Indian included the placing of small wads of tobacco in the cavity or applying the root of the purple coneflower to the tooth. The Meskwakis used a tea made from the root bark of panicled dogwood; this was to ease the pain caused by sore teeth and also helped neuralgia if held in the mouth for a period of time. The Illinois-Miami Indian used a decoction of sumac leves and the root of "Pallaganghy" (ocre) to be held in the mouth, also the root bark of the wild cherry was held in the mouth and gums for a time.

The Ojibwas treated carious teeth by heating an awl or other metal instrument until it was almost red-hot, then inserted it into the hollow of the affected tooth. If the tooth needed to come out it was struck forcibly to loosen it; a tooth already somewhat loose was tied with a sinew, as close to the root as possible, then attached to something solid and pulled by jerking backward. The Mescalero Apache treated his aching tooth by inserting a hot twig into the cavity. Usually teeth were not pulled unless they were loose.

To clean teeth, the Indian used several substances. The Southern Indians chewed a species of silphium which contained a resinous substance. The Meskwakis cleaned the teeth with white clay, and they also kept their teeth clean by eating raw fruits and vegetables.

Along with their many remedies the Indians believed in the power of the medicine man or shaman. They felt that many or most of their ailments were caused by spirit intrusions, and they needed the medicine man or shaman, along with their drugs, to help heal them. The Cherokee had several dozen disease-causing spirits, both animal and human, and it was the duty of the medicine man to find out which spirit was causing the illness. Some tribes believed that the spirit intrusion was that of the soul of a dead relative, taking the body of the living. The Hurons, while they did not fear the souls of friends or relatives or even enemies killed in battle, did fear the souls of their own people who might have been captured and tortured to death. These had to be expelled from the lodge by making a loud and horrible noise. The soul could also be lost during dreams when the soul goes wandering about from the body. If the soul could not be brought back by some means, the person would surely die. A soul could be stolen by witches, evil spirits, or even by a malevolent shaman.

Many things the white man called medicine were called mysterious by the Indian. To the Indians, anything they did not understand or comprehend or which was beyond their powers to account for was termed a mystery. Even whiskey was at times referred to as Medicine water because they did not understand why it made them act as they did.

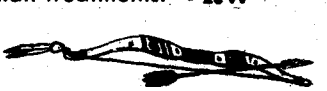
Indians included clairvoyance, spiritism, divination, demonology and necromancy, or all things incomprehensible, as medicine, so the medicine man was not only a doctor or healer but a diviner, soothsayer, prophet, priest and, in some cases, a chief.

Medicinal power covered many things, along with the drugs. These were the fetishes or charms adopted to typify a tutelary demon or mystery guardian. Even the juggler was believed to have strong medicine, and medicine was also associated with magical numbers, usually "four" which signified the cardinal directions; however, at times "six" was added to signify the up and down direction.

Omens played a great part in Indian medicine, these were watched by the medicine man as by the omen he could often tell the best way to treat the illness and gauge the possible results.

The medicine man carried paraphernalia and equipment which was appropriate for his work in his medicine bag. At times he wore a special dress of animal skins and a special headdress. His medicine bundle had its charms, fetishes, medicine sticks, herbs, animal skins, claws, or teeth of certain animals. He might also have a drum and a rattle, and in former times a scarification instrument made of flint or snake fangs. The medicine man might also have a hollow bone to be used for sucking, and a mortar and pestle for mixing his herbs. The medicine bundle was usually made of skin, often from the totem of the medicine man. Many times it had feathers attached to it and was beaded or quilled in decoration. These bags were of great importance and were often handed down from father to son.

Along with the healing psychology of the medicine man or shaman, Indian medicines were usually effective and today modern medications have been found to be basically similar to Indian treatments. ●RW



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OFF-OFF BROADWAY

(continued from page 13)

the tool of the white man and returns to the old Indian ways.

The Italian playwright-turned-American, Mario Fratti, sees the white treatment of the Indian in America as no less than a conscious attempt by the invaders to enslave the native population. His play, *Slaves,* gives little comfort to Buffalo Bill's theory that the whites helped the Indians by changing their ways. His "slaves" are the American Indians.

Much of what the Off-Off plays are now saying about the Old West, Indians, and famous gunfighters will not be new to readers of *Real West.* Western buffs, interested in the facts and not the myths, have long known that gunfighters were not saints, that no race has a corner on virtues or vices, and that hungry men and women seldom see the justice of anyone who stands in their way. For the drama, however, this new treatment of the Old West is a great change. It is, however, a change that Americans across the country seem to like. The Off-Off plays, written for small anti-establishment audiences in New York, are finding favor with audiences in almost every section in the country, as the production of such plays in college communities demonstrates.

Real West readers can, of course, usually see the plays first in major new-theatre cities like New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. But plays like *The Great Hoss Pistol, The Kid,* and *Where Are You, Red Ryder?* are also finding supporters on college campuses and in little theaters everywhere. Some viewers may complain about the radical themes of these plays and the violent language, but few interested in the "truth" of the Old West will not admit that these plays are not closer to the way things really were. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES: The basic sources for this article are the plays themselves, but I must acknowledge the help of several of the playwrights who wrote to me about their work, notably Joel Oppenheimer, Guy Gauthier, and Mario Fratti. For the best single background study of American drama until 1920, Arthur H. Quinn's *A History of American Drama* is recommended.

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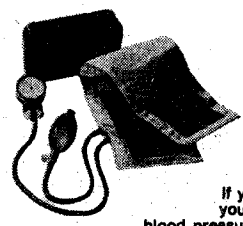

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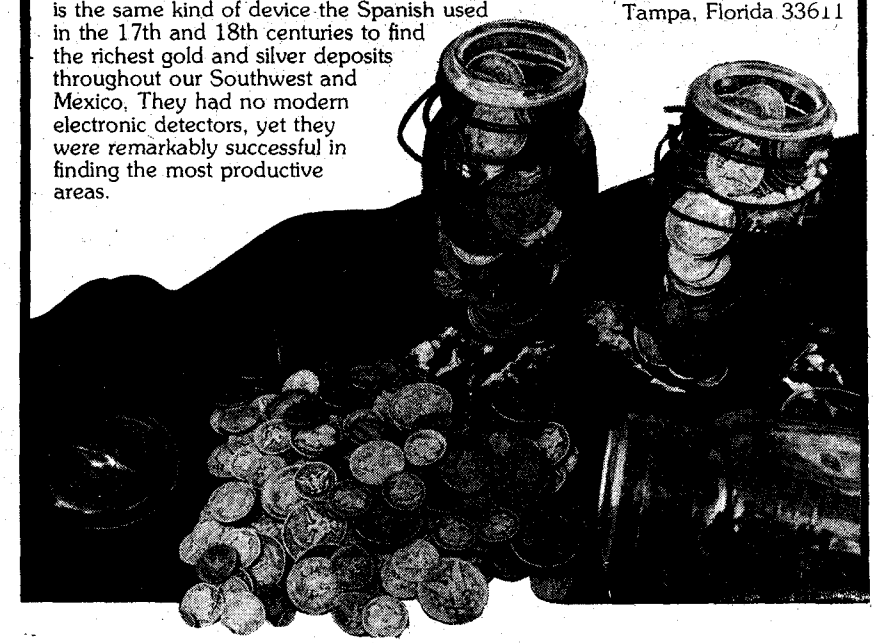

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(continued from page 17)

that Garrett had attempted to kill him with the scattergun. No one mentioned the fact that Garrett had been shot in the back of the head, and when some of the evidently slow-witted members of the posse started to mention it, the words died on their lips as warning glances were cast toward them.

Further investigation by Captain Fred Fornoff of the New Mexico Mounted Police, however, disclosed proof that Garrett had fallen a victim of assassin lead. Back on the timbered slope were discovered the tracks of a horse and the footprints of the killer, as well as a spent Winchester rifle cartridge. Inquiry in the area also brought to light the fact that Killing Jim Miller had been seen by a cowboy in the vicinity of the killing. It has also puzzled this writer as to why the police did not examine Brazel's revolver to see if two shots had been fired, but, of course, he could have placed another spent cartridge in the chamber as a precaution to this thought.

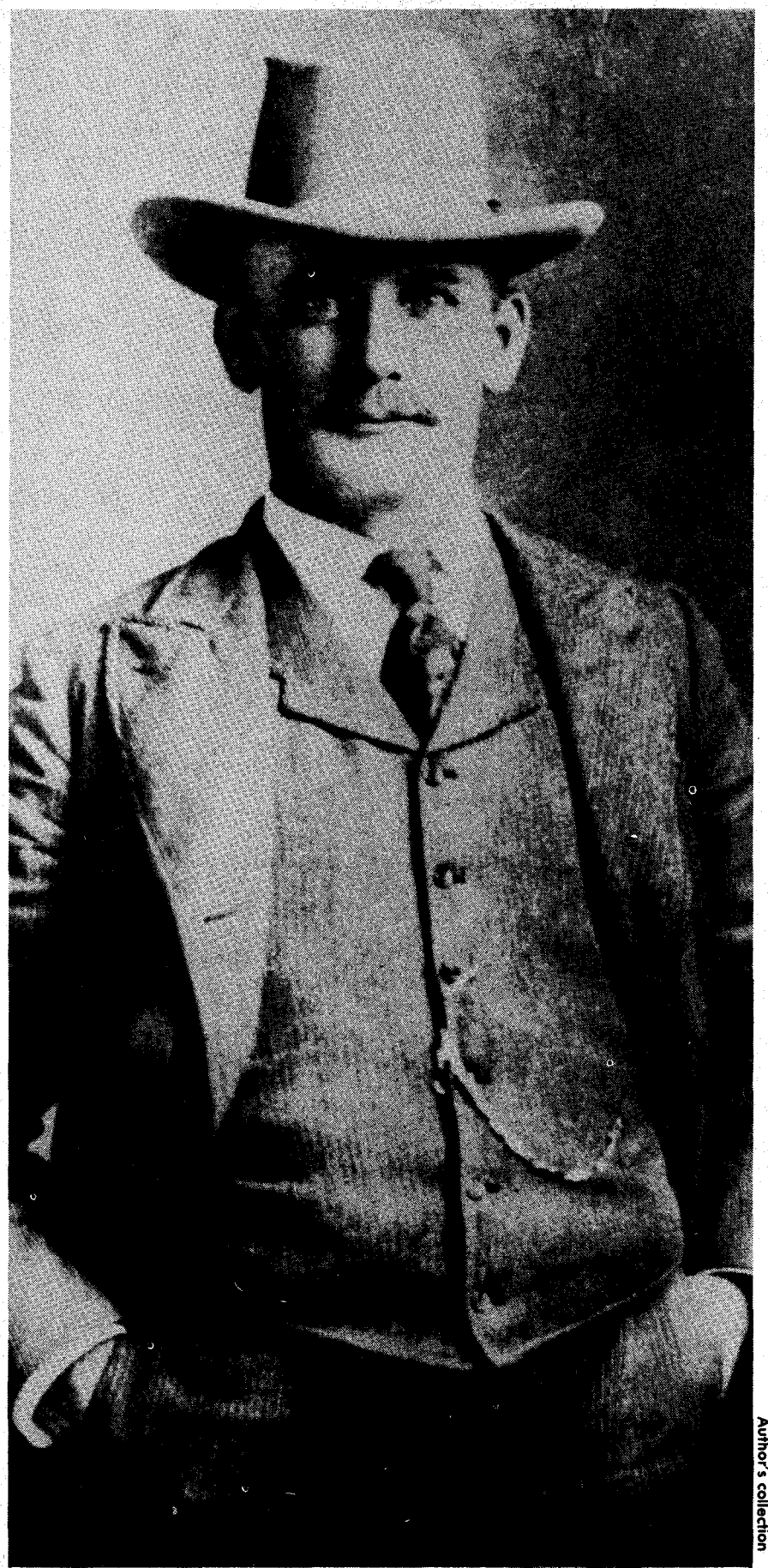
Prior to the grand jury indictment Brazel had been released on March 4, following a preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace Manuel Lopez, with Attorney-General Hervey representing the Territory.

It was not until a year later that the trial was held. Judge Frank W. Parker presided; the prosecution was led by District Attorney Mark B. Thompson; the defense was represented by H. B. Holt, and A. B. Fall from El Paso. Carl Adamson, the chief witness, did not appear, and on his plea of self-defense, Wayne Brazel was promptly acquitted.

Newspapers published the story that the famous lawman had been slain by Wayne Brazel, a young cowboy who had been born in Kansas and who was seeking notoriety as the man who downed the slayer of Billy the Kid. However, friends of the slain man maintained the killing was the work of Pat's enemies, and that his slayer was the paid assassin, Jim Miller. Many openly hinted later that Garrett was already dead when Brazel shot him.

Be that as it may, Garrett's life had been a hectic one, and to put it into perspective, we say: "There is no fighting against Fate, nor hath any man ever fled from that which is written on his forehead."

What happened to Wayne Brazel?



Author's collection

Capt. Fred Fornoff of the New Mexico Mounted Police. He investigated Garrett's murder near Las Cruces.

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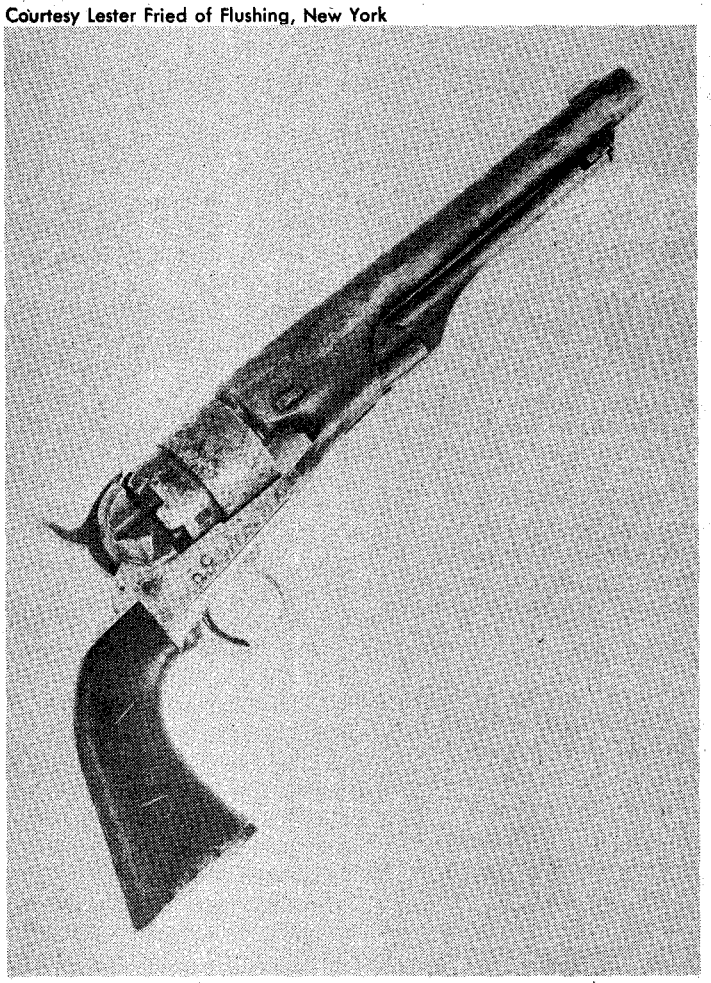
In October of 1909 he acquired the Harrington Well ranch, located 12 miles west of Lordsburg. After his ranch was fairly well stocked, Brazel married Olive Boyd. It started out as a fine marriage. On June 10, 1911, their son, Jesse Vaughn Brazel, was born. Their happiness was shortlived, however, for on November 16 Olive Brazel died of pneumonia.

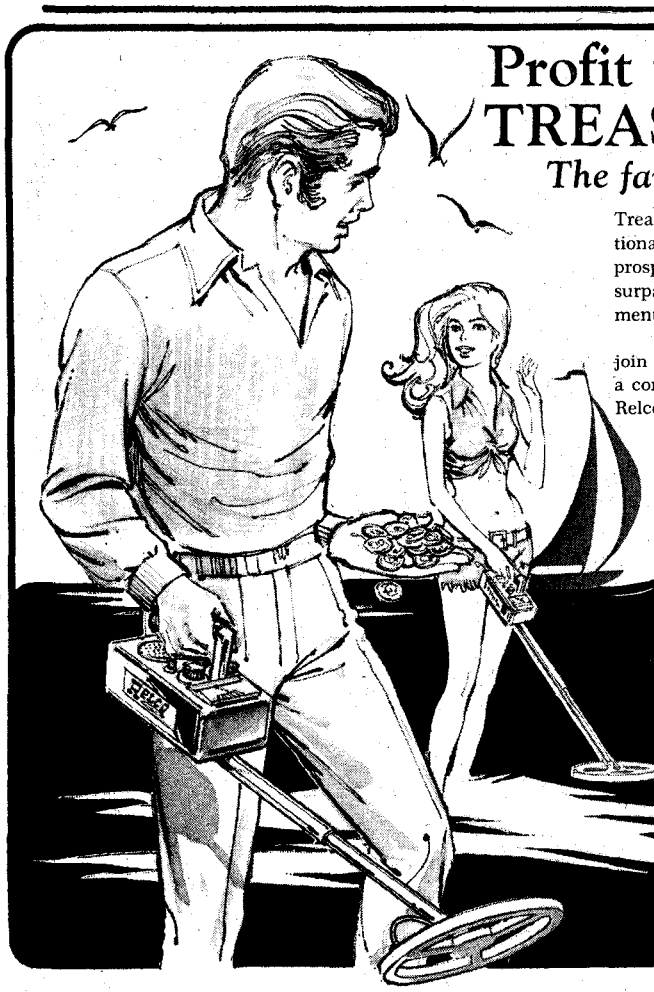
Not long after his wife's death Brazel dropped out of sight, simply disappeared, and even to this date it is a mystery as to what happened to him.

Many tales poured in. Brazel had been killed in a drunken brawl down in Texas or that he had passed away from a heart attack, but nothing was ever proven. All indications point to the idea that he went to South America, using the name of Dey and participating in one robbery in Argentina with the Butch Cassidy people. It is said that when the man, Dey was killed in Bolivia, the reports stated that Dey was an American named Brazel. However true this is yet remains to be proven. Perhaps it never will be at this late date. In any event, there was a Texas badman named Dey, so much of this may be conjecture on the part of those who told it. ●RW

Courtesy Lester Fried of Flushing, New York



1860 Colt Percussion Pistol used by Billy the Kid in the early phase of his life.



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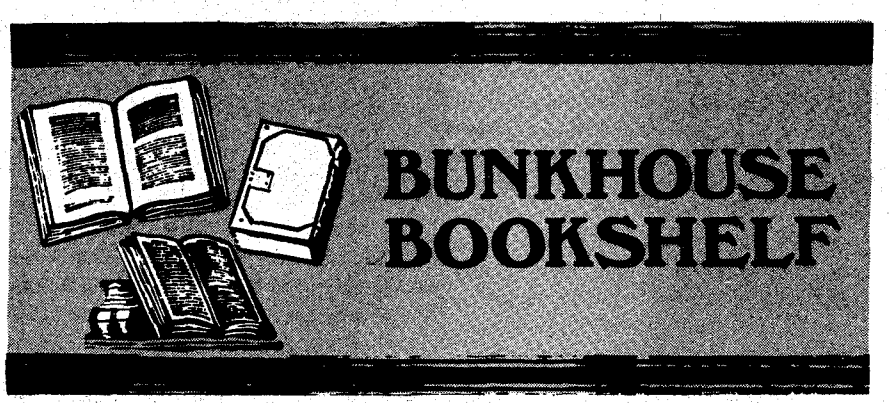

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THE BLACK HILLS: OR, LAST HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE DAKOTAS
By Annie D. Tallent

Brevet Press,
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Annie Donna Tallent was a young mother of a nine-year-old son when she followed her husband and 27 other men of the Gordon Party on their illegal entry into the wilderness of the Black Hills in the winter of 1874 to seek a fortune in gold. She was to become the first lady of the New Eldorado. And, a lady she was, in the strict Victorian tradition. She epitomized the popular beliefs of her day, displaying all the tastes fitting a white woman of the time.

The gold of the Black Hills was the end-of-the-rainbow dream of the Gordon Party in the winter of 1874. These white men were the first to form a mining party that illegally entered the area long sacred to the Cheyenne and Sioux. They sought a fortune in gold. Those who followed lusted after gold and land. The white men occupied the Sioux Holy Lands and then demanded that the land be made theirs. Within two years it was. Annie Tallent survived the hard Dakota Winter of 1874-75, panned for gold, manned a post during Indian-raid panics, made a home and taught school in the wilderness, all in the true pioneering-women tradition. She eventually became county superintendent in Pennington County, creating schools where none had existed.

In 1899 she published her detailed accounting of the Gordon Party's exploits and the history of the first 25 years of white occupancy of the Black Hills. The story is rich with the characters and events of the gold-rush days. The book was a success. She was preparing it for a second printing when she died in Sturgis on February 13, 1901. Long out of print, this valuable history has been reprinted in its entirety to mark the centennial year. All of the type has been completely reset. A new and detailed index has been added, along with an introduction by Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve.

BLACK HILLS GHOST TOWNS
By Watson Parker and Hugh K. Lambert

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The Black Hills of South Dakota did not need George McGovern or the flood disaster of 1972 to make them well known; they have been famous ever since the gold-rush days of the 1870's. George Custer, Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, Black Elk, Deadwood, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok — all have become part of our national history and folklore. And when we remember that we wrenched the area sacred to the Indians away from them after the U.S. government had acknowledged the Black Hills to be the Indians' forever by treaty in 1868, they enter into our national guilt.

The Homestake Mining Company in the Black Hills is today one of the largest

(continued on page 64)

EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 40)

INDIANS STARVING

The 3,000 Piegan Indians at the Blackfeet Agency, in Montana, are reported to be actually starving. The death-rate is great.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Aug. 16, 1884

PIKE'S PEAK RAILWAY BEING BUILT

The highest railway in the world is now being constructed at Pike's Peak, Colorado. It will reach an altitude of 14,220 feet above the level of the sea. Out of thirty miles of track, there will be no straight track longer than 300 feet.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Aug. 23, 1884

RELIEF BEING PROVIDED THE PIEGAN INDIANS

The Indian Commission has ordered a sufficient amount of extra supplies to be sent to the starving Piegans at the Blackfeet Agency.

FRANK Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Sept. 13, 1884 ●RW

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

Dear RW:

Although I have read only two REAL WEST magazines, I am already a keen reader. I am fortunate enough to be able to obtain the magazine from a local book shop here in England. I find that the magazines I have are January 1968 and June 1969, although I have only just purchased them.

I have just read "The Passing of the Buffalo" by Nono Minor, and how informative it is. In Paul Wellman's book there is a lot about Dull Knife; and I notice that in the June 1969 REAL WEST had a picture of him. What a face, filled with character and wisdom. What I find especially exciting are the Dog Soldiers. One of my favorite Indian characters is the half breed, Quanah Parker, but I would like to know more about him. Keep up the good work with REAL WEST.

Sincerely,
G. F. Palmer
589 St. Albans Road
Garston, Watford, Hertfordshire, England

●RW

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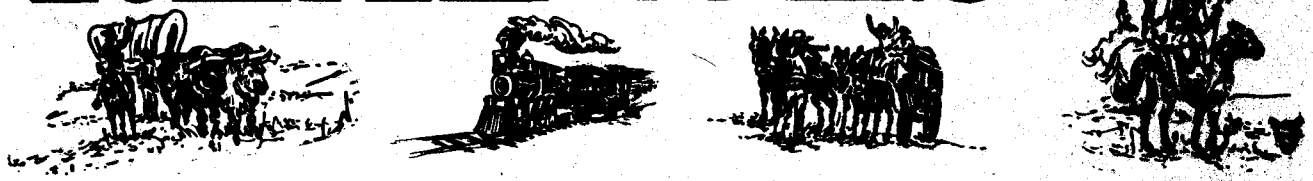
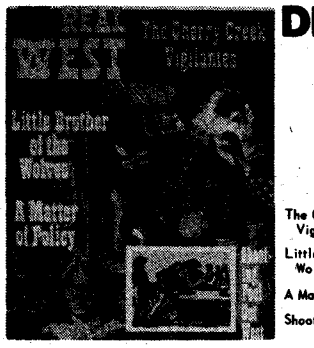




DEC.73

The Cherry Creek Vigilantes

Little Brother of the Wolves

A Matter of Policy

Shooting Pool out West

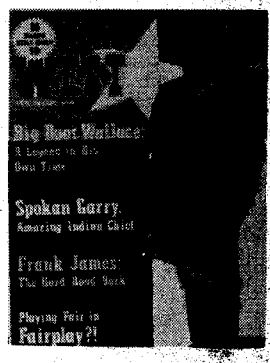
JAN.74

The Treasure of Parrott Park

Who Was Calamity Jane

Clay Allison Laughing Killer

Real West Movie Hall of Fame



FEB.74

Big Boot-Wallace--A Legend in His Own Time

Spokan Garry, Amazing Indian Chief

Frank James, The Hard Road Back

Playing Fair in Fairplay

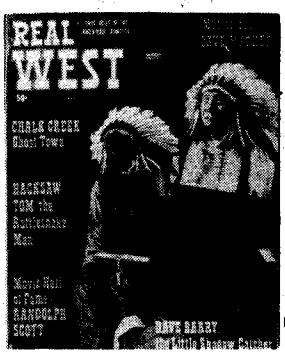
MAR.74

Ben Hodges, Likeable Old Cuss of Dodge City

Horse Thievery in the Early West

Sensational Feud Between Two Cities

The Montana Wolf That Couldn't Be Killed



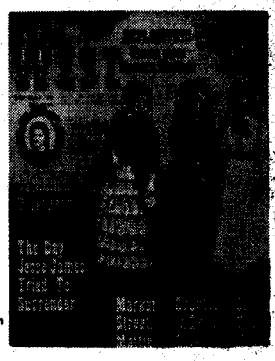
APR.74

Mysterious Dave Mather

Chalk Creek--Ghost Town

Hacksawtom, The Rattlesnake Man

Dave Barry--Little Shadown Catcher



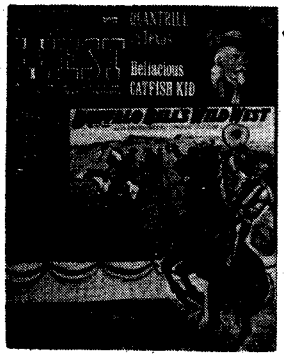
MAY 74

Heroines of the ALAMO, SUSANNAH DICKINSON

The day JESSE JAMES tried to Surrender

A Bloodstained SWORD

Santa Trail, NANCY KELSEY



JULY 74

QUANTRILL in Texas

Hellacious CATFISH KID

BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN

AMBROSE PIERCE, the Scribe of Satan.

AUG.74

The WOODSTOCK DISASTER

A Man For Breakfast

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COWBOY BURL

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SEPT.74

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BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

(continued from page 62)

operating gold mines in the world. But thousands of unknown miners, merchants, freighters, gamblers, and soiled doves have come and gone during the century past. And hundreds of towns have boomed and busted, most of them before there was even a twentieth century. This book is about those ghosts: the camps, the stage stops, the communities, the people that made the Black Hills famous. The authors detail 600 towns and enrich the text with a layout of historical and contemporary photos. Also included are maps and tips on how to get there for the tourists among us.

The pocket book westerns are still heavy sellers. Among the best that we've read are the following:

Comanch' by Cliff Farrell Signet Brand Western #Q6104 95¢
The Ordeal of Jason Ord, by Lewis B. Patten. Signet Brand Western #Q6034 95¢
The Tombstone Trail, by Ray Hogan. Signet Brand Western #Q6070 95¢
The Border Trumpet, by Ernest Haycox. Signet Brand Western #Q6035 95¢

●RW

CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL

(continued from page 23)

West Show". The manager allowed the young Schreyvogel the run of the grounds, and he spent many precious hours sketching the Indians, cowboys, and horses. These were valuable lessons to him later on.

More eager to visit the "golden land" of adventure, Charles began saving his money. After some time he had saved enough to fulfill his dream. In the Spring of 1893, at the age of 32, he reached his destination, the Ute Reservation, and was greatly disappointed in what he saw. For civilization was quickly spreading its blanket over the American west. In the time that followed, Charles learned the ways of the west, riding, shooting, and even learning "Indian talk." In the time he spent there, he filled countless sketch books with hundreds of drawings of troopers, Indians and horses. When he returned home, he was a well man with ideas for numerous paintings and sculptures.

He spent many days in all kinds of weather in the "outdoor studio," which was on the roof of his home in Hoboken, New Jersey. Here he used models for different action scenes, accurate to the last detail. From these he produced some marvelous paintings.

In 1900 he achieved his greatest triumph. He had submitted a painting of a trooper rescuing his comrade, pulling him on his mount during a battle with Indians; it was entitled "My Bunkie." He had forgotten to give his name or address. This painting, from over 200 entries, won him the grand prize and brought to him the publicity needed to sell many of his early paintings which he had accumulated. This made him financially independent, and he was able to paint further without worry of expense.

He again departed for the west and spent the next 12 years visiting Army camps, putting the lives of these rugged soldiers on canvas and in sculptures. For his great contribution to Western art. President Theodore Roosevelt honored him with a commendation and an invitation to the White House.

During supper at his home, while eating a chicken dinner, a small piece of bone punctured his gums — he was stricken with blood poisoning and passed away on January 27, 1912.

Some of his most vivid paintings are: "The Hot Trail," "The Border Patrol," "Rear Guard," "The Indian or the Trooper," "My Bunkie," "In Safe Hands." His sculpture and painting of "The Last Drop" are a tribute to the memory of this great painter-historian. ●RW

Editor's Note: A collection of paintings, sculptures and personal articles of Schreyvogel can be seen in the section of the Great Hall of the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma.

BILLY HAMILTON

(continued from page 55)

On arriving at Fort Bridger, Williams found that Washakie had not left their furs with Bridger but had kept them in his camp, awaiting Williams arrival. His reason for not turning the furs over to Bridger, according to Washakie, was because another trading outfit was also at the fort. Williams was surprised to learn it was his old friend Pomeroy who had been joined by his partner, Campbell.

Campbell had just arrived from St. Louis with additional trade goods having been about two weeks behind Bridger's party and did not arrive at the fort unitl November 16, 1842. This new arrival, and competitor caused considerable disgust to be expressed by Bridger and his partner, Vasquez.

However, Bridger had not completed his fort, and the traders and trappers who had gathered there fell to with a will and finished it off in short order. Then came the big celebration, a "house-warming" it might have been called. And out of the mountains came "Uncle Jack" Robertson and Joseph Reddeford Walker with their Indian families, having traveled from Fort Davy Crockett just to share in the celebration.

Williams traded all the furs collected by his party to Pomeroy and Campbell, once again getting the better of Pomeroy by refusing most of his trade goods and asking for bills of credit on St. Louis banks. A portion of these bills of credit were used to stock up on trading goods from the store of Bridger and Vasquez, to the great delight of Bridger and the complete disgust of Pomeroy and Campbell.

Having replenished his supplies, Williams and his party joined Washakie and his band, who had gone on ahead, at their winter camp at Brown's Hole.

Here a number of Utes had congregated, waiting for their old friend, Williams. And it was here, running horse races, catching more furs, killing deer and elk and admiring the Shoshoni belles, that Billy Hamilton became a "hivernate", a man who had wintered in the mountains. In the years 1842-43, this feat still had some significance.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Hidden Heroes of the Rockies - Isaac K. Russell & Howard R. Driggs
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The Shoshoni: Sentinels of the Rockies - Virginia Cole Trenholm & Maurine Carley ●RW

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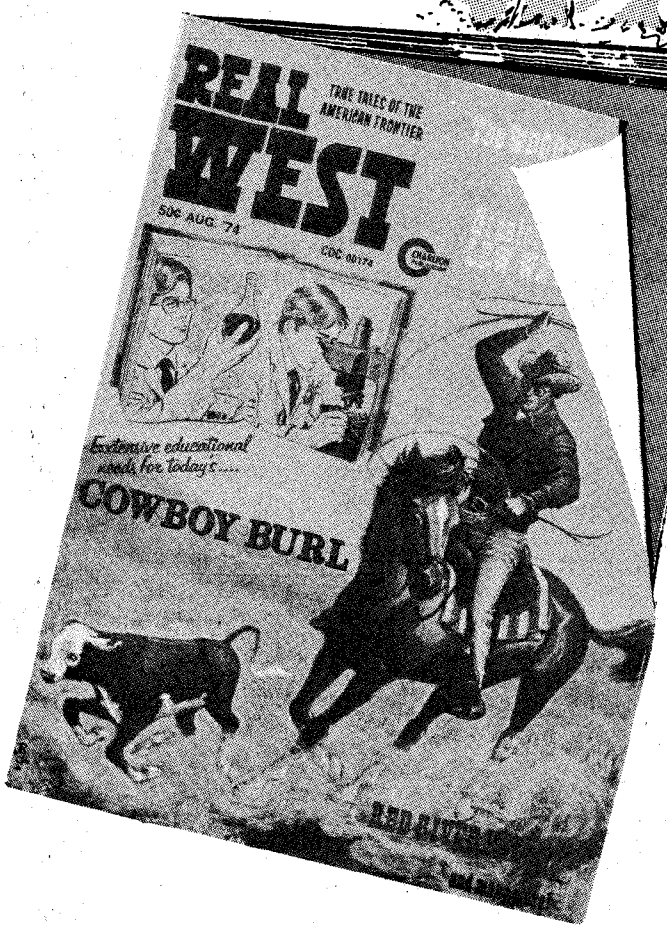

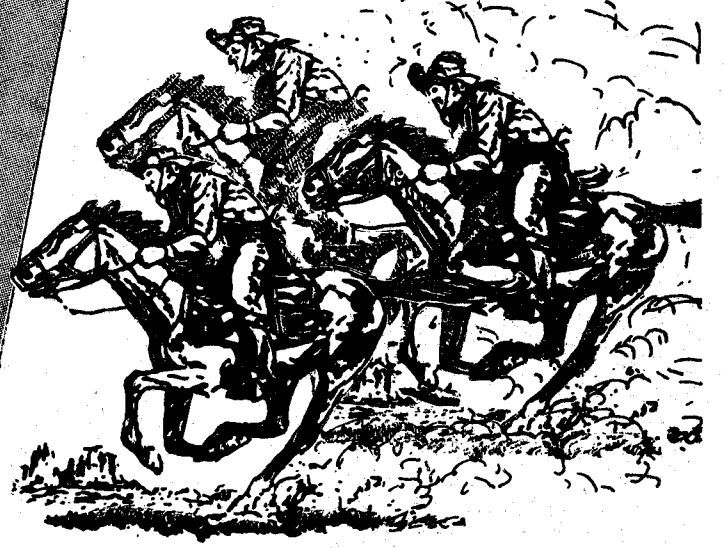

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A Doctor of OSTEOPATHY Claims He Has Perfected

A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED

— says Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

"Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who have obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

"Its Like Being Born Again"

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers—not only relief—but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." *It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It* can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

Is That All There Is To It?

Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. "There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."

Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.

Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS

RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends —in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.

Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method —X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches... protecting yourself against sickness... securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business... winning happiness and love... reading the thoughts of others ... and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune . . *more riches* than you ever dreamed of:

"D------ J------ W--- N-- T------ I- M- L---."

It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded $150,000!

By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from $10,000 to a million dollars, and *say this Mystic Chant!*

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed; easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y-- k-- I l-- y--." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n-- p------ u-------- l---."

Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n-- b---- t-- m--- o- p--- h---- p-------." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

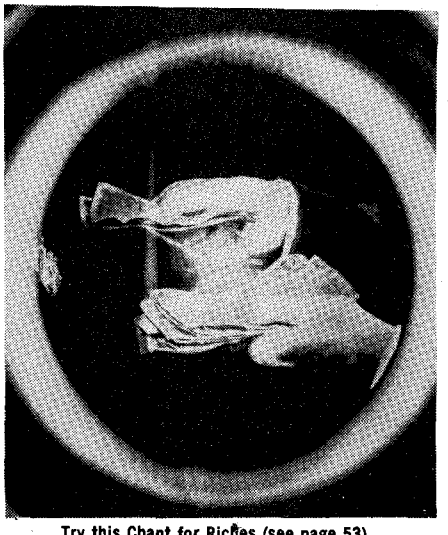
CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o-- w--- c----- p---- a-- c-- s---- a-- p-------" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n-- i------ m- m--- a-- b--- c---- w--- t-- p------- p------ o- r------ g--- h------" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w--- t-- s-- o- o-- t------- d------ s- I c-- p-- t-- s--------." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant.

The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

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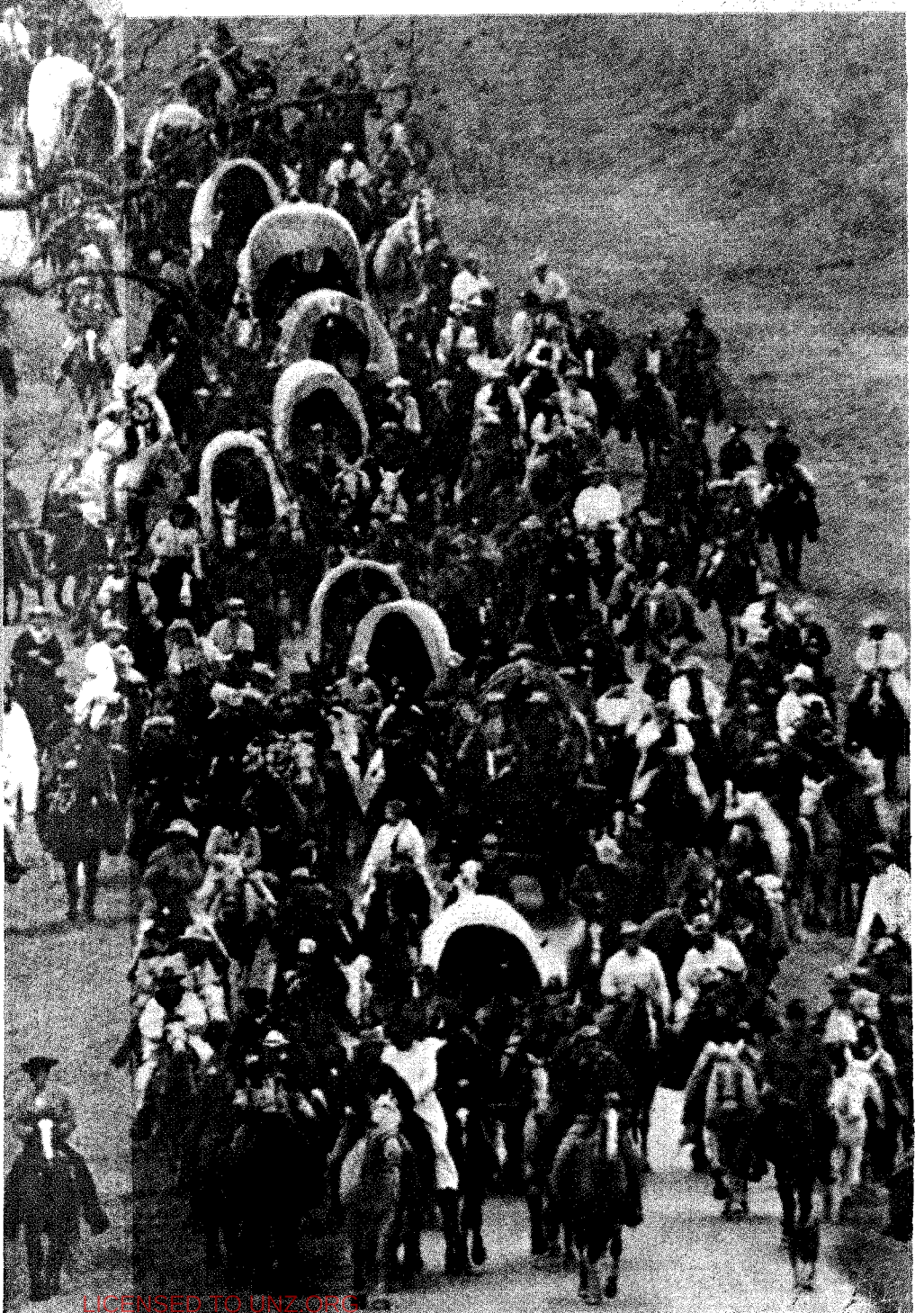

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